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BY ABRUPTLY DISMISSING Charles A. Russell, solicitor, and William V. King, chief accountant of the old Federal Power Commission, the two men in the old organization specially notable for their zeal in defending the public interest, Commissioners Smith, Garsaud, and Draper, who took action without even waiting for their two colleagues, have done much to confirm our worst fears regarding the reorganized Power Commission. It is hard, despite their denial, to avoid the conclusion that they acted on orders from the White House, and Progressive Senators are so aroused that they are reported as planning to move on January 5 for a reconsideration of the vote confirming the three commissioners. Senator Walsh with great moderation said everything that needs be said:

> I am unable to interpret this action [the dismissal] in any light except as punishment of two devoted public servants for the faithful discharge of the duties that devolved upon them. So far as I have been able to learn, not a word has ever been uttered against either implying anything more than excessive zeal in safeguarding the interests of the public. It is a matter of profound regret to me that the confidence I hoped the country would have in the new commission should be so early and so rudely disturbed.

When the Senate considered the nomination of the three commissioners, it apparently felt that it had no evidence of anything worse than lack of fitness for the job; if it reconsiders them, it will have in this action abundant evidence of unfitness.

INCOME MILLIONAIRES during 1928, according to the final statistics of income for that year just made public, numbered 511, of whom 26 received $5,000,000 or more. The net income of the 511 amounted to $1,109,000,000, out of a total of $25,226,000,000 reported by 2,523,063 individuals. While the income millionaires numbered but one in 5,000 of those reporting, they received 4 per cent of the reported income and paid 16 per cent of the income tax. Of the net income of $8,270,000,000 received by persons having incomes below $5,000, $5,854,000,000 represents salaries and wages, most of the remainder presumably being the income of farmers and small business men. Comparing the 2,523,063 returns with the total number of families in the United States, we find that less than one family in ten makes a return for income-tax purposes, while the $25,000,000,000 reported by the lucky tenth must cover more than one-fourth of our total income. It is seldom realized how small is the proportion of the population liable to individual income tax or how great is the inequality of income disclosed by the figures. Corporation returns from 495,892 concerns reporting net income of about $10,618,000,000 and paying a tax of $1,184,000,000 are accompanied by returns from 174,826 other corporations showing a deficit of $2,391,000,000. Thus, in the boom year 1928 more than one-fourth of the corporations reporting showed an actual loss. On the same day that these facts are made public, income tax refunds of nearly $127,000,000 to individuals and corporations during 1930 are reported in detail by the Treasury; and despite much Congressional criticism Secretary Mellon insists that the results justify the settlement of disputed cases by administrative action instead of litigation.

ON THE SAME DAY that Congress voted the Farm Board another $150,000,000 to continue its market speculation, the price of July wheat on the Chicago Board of Trade fell to 66⅝ cents, the lowest price since 1901. On December 26, it went down even farther, to 62¾ cents. Since the aim of the board's speculative activities is to keep up prices, the ordinary citizen may be pardoned for not understanding exactly what is happening. Acting through the Grain Stabilization Corporation, the board with its practically unlimited buying power has pegged the price of December wheat in Chicago at about 76 cents, and the price for other deliveries during the present crop year at corresponding figures, but it is not yet operating in the 1931-32 crop; hence the July price quoted above. Chicago prices on the current crop are already so far out of line with world prices that there has been talk within the past few days of the possibility of imports even over our forty-two-cent tariff. Mr. Legge, accordingly, with the courage of his convictions, has suggested an actual embargo on wheat imports.

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To subsidize farmers to grow an unprofitable crop without any possibility of restricting production is a suicidal arrangement for farmers and Treasury alike; yet that seems to be the Farm Board's wheat policy.

THE PRESENCE OF CORN SUGAR (dextrose) in prepared foods need no longer be declared on the label, according to a ruling made by Secretary Hyde on December 26. Ever since the enactment of the Food and Drug Act in 1906 attempts have been made by the glucose interests to remove the restrictions of the use of corn sugar, which has often been used as an adulterant for cane sugar; but all efforts to let down the bars in Congress have been futile. The late Dr. Wiley characterized a bill "permitting dextrose to function as sucrose without notice to the consumer" as "a deliberate fraud upon the housewife." Mrs. Wiley in a public statement now declares that officials charged with the enforcement of federal and State food laws are strongly opposed to the present ruling, which, she says, is an attack on the pure food law. Secretary Hyde, on the other hand, asserts that his ruling weakens neither the Food and Drug Act nor its administration. His positive reason for action is in the added market he hopes to create for corn. The ruling is another example of that tenderness for the interests of producers which has marked the administration of a measure intended to protect the health and pocket-book of consumers. For the Secretary of Agriculture thus to take action which Congress has refused to take is to stretch administrative discretion to a highly dangerous point, and is not to be defended on the ground of possible aid to our harassed agriculture. If the ruling stands, the whole principle that the consumer is entitled to know what he is buying would appear to be endangered.

IT SEEMS HARD to draw any reassuring conclusions from the financial and industrial record of recent weeks. The steel industry operating at only one-third of capacity; crude oil production at the lowest point in four years; a substantial pre-Christmas reduction of prices by the large mail-order houses; wheat "futures" at the lowest prices in thirty-four years, with such other leading commodities as copper, silver, and cotton also at almost their lowest points since the declines began; receivership for the Seaboard Air Line Railway; two more large bank failures, the Bankers Trust Company of Philadelphia and the Chelsea Bank and Trust Company in New York—all this makes a depressing record, and to many persons a most disquieting one. Yet failures often follow rather than precede the worst conditions, and there is no reason for supposing that recent bank suspensions reflect anything but bad special situations, brought about in most cases by unsound banking practice. Certainly there is every ground for believing the general banking situation to be remarkably strong; the reduction of the rediscount rate of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York to 2 per cent, the lowest rate in its history, is sufficient indication in itself of the great volume of free funds that the banks as a whole now have at their disposal. As for the price collapse, its very violence and extent seem likely soon to bring at least a moderate recovery. Even though retail business has been greatly reduced, moreover, most retailers seem to have been selling more goods than they have been buying. This situation cannot continue much longer. Retailers must soon replenish their stocks. An improvement both in wholesale trade and in the production of basic materials may be close at hand.

IN HIS FINAL REPORT to the Attorney General of New York, Watson Washburn, Assistant Attorney General, has recommended that investment trusts be regularly compelled to publish a full statement of their holdings of securities every three months. Such a regulation has long been necessary; the chief criticism of it must be that it deals with only one aspect of a grave and complex problem. Investment trusts have grown enormously in the last five years. In 1927 there were 102 with total resources under $600,000,000. In May of last year, according to Mr. Washburn's figures, there were 270 investment trusts with resources of more than $4,500,000,000. In spite of a few well-managed exceptions, these unregulated trusts as a whole have not only lost hundreds of millions of dollars for their security holders, but have raised the most serious economic issues. The investment trust was originally designed as a haven for perplexed investors, and the case for regulating it is quite as clear in some respects as that for regulating the insurance companies and savings banks. We need to consider not only the question of publicity of holdings, but such questions as intricate capital structures, hidden fees to managers, the use of the trust as a dumping ground for otherwise unsalable securities, and its use as a tool for employing other people's money to buy voting control in corporations. So far virtually the only institution to attempt to regulate investment trusts has been the New York Stock Exchange, which has done some commendable but necessarily limited work.

GUIDO SERIO, the Italian anti-Fascist whom the Department of Labor has ordered deported to Italy notwithstanding the practical certainty that he will there be condemned to death because of his political activities, has obtained at least a temporary respite through an appeal to the United States Circuit Court from the adverse decision which Judge Bondy of the District Court for the Southern District of New York handed down on December 22. It will be recalled that a few weeks ago, when the case was heard in the District Court, Judge Bondy postponed decision in the hope that the Department of Labor might, as he said, "use a little common sense" in interpreting the law, and allow Serio to depart voluntarily and at his own expense to Russia. The appeal to common sense, however, fell upon deaf ears at Washington, and Judge Bondy has now decided that his court has no power to overrule the Secretary of Labor. The immigration laws, he points out, provide that aliens who are deported shall be sent, "at the option of the Secretary of Labor," either to the country from which they came or to the port from which they embarked; and although permission to depart voluntarily to a country of their choice has "on many occasions" been allowed, Judge Bondy now intimates a doubt as to whether such discretion is warranted by the statutes. In other words, a strict interpretation of a statutory provision by an administrative officer is to be upheld, notwithstanding repeated deviations from it in the past, as beyond judicial review even when its application is shocking to humanity. Thus do the federal courts of the United States aid in enforcing the political laws of Italy.

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MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA'S efforts to expedite the westernization of Turkey by dictatorial decree have brought fresh troubles to that once powerful country. The latest difficulties, according to dispatches cabled from Istanbul, are of a religious nature, the dispatches stating that a widespread movement to overthrow Kemal Pasha and to restore the caliphate has been discovered. The Turkish President has decided to suppress the movement by force. This method of dealing with religion has served him well, at least on the surface, during the seven years of his dictatorship. His absolute control of the political and military machinery of Turkey was the sole basis for the laws or decrees which abolished the caliphate, the Ottoman dynasty, the various religious offices and orders, the monasteries, polygamy, and other Islamic institutions. Although the process was one-sided and was carried forward very hastily, opposition to it has been successfully parried by wholesale arrests, executions, and deportations. Thus far there has been no noticeable effort made to educate the people into accepting these questionable reforms. Other dictators have proceeded with more wisdom; Mussolini has stepped cautiously where the church has been concerned, and the Communists in Russia have depended upon educational methods to a large extent in their war on religion. Kemal Pasha may have to pay for his rashness with a religious war.

SHOULD BELGIUM decide to renounce its military alliance with France, as the Socialist and Flemish parties desire, the French network of military agreements, which embraces a large part of Europe, would be struck a serious blow. The immediate damage would not be so much material as moral. The mere fact of renunciation, quite apart from its effect on any war plans France might have worked out in collaboration with Belgium, would weaken French hegemony in Europe and undermine the military agreements with Poland and the Little Entente countries. It is readily understandable then that France will do its utmost to prevent the Socialist-Flemish campaign from succeeding. Its influence in Brussels is already great, and it is probable that there will be no renunciation. Nevertheless the Belgian Socialist Party, the second largest in the country, has itself political power that cannot be lightly ignored. Its moderation has won for it the respect, if not the active support, of a large section of the non-Socialist population. A complicating factor is the Flemish problem. Although the Flemish Party, which advocates separation of Flanders from Belgium, is small, its political strength is likely to grow to unprecedented proportions in the near future because of the inability of the Belgian government to solve the Flemish difficulty. A threatened revolt of the Flemings might persuade Brussels to renounce the alliance despite French influence. It is not only possible, but probable, that its renunciation would lead to a general cleaning up of the European political situation.

ALTHOUGH WASHINGTON has not yet sent its blessing to the new President of Guatemala, it is a fair guess that if Orellana continues in power all will be forgiven shortly, in spite of the fact that he disobeyed parental instructions in taking his job by force. Indeed, if Orellana's recent statement to the Associated Press is correct, the way to family reconciliation is not hard to travel. Orellana says that the Council of Ministers violated the constitution in two ways in choosing Palma, whom Orellana overthrew. The ministers were empowered to act only if the President died. In case of his incapacity—which was the situation in regard to Chacon—the President himself was authorized to appoint his successor. And besides, says Orellana, the ministers went wrong in naming the second designate (second vice-president) instead of the first designate. Meanwhile the de facto President of Guatemala may look back wistfully upon the good old days of 1921 when the State Department extended the glad hand to another Orellana, a kinsman of the present executive, although he too had taken office by violence. At that time Washington wanted to kill, without appearing to do so, the embryo Central American Union, which espoused the naughty doctrine of Latin America for Latin Americans. Orellana seemed to be the man to do that—and did.

THE SCRUBWOMEN OF HARVARD have their back pay but not through any grace on the part of the Harvard Corporation or the Minimum Wage Commission of Massachusetts which for nine long years let the university pay the women two cents an hour less than they should have received. Two cents an hour seems very little, but apparently the business men who run Harvard thought it was worth saving even at the expense of lowly scrubwomen. When the matter was brought sharply to their attention they declared with unexampled calm that the underpayment was made up for by the fact that the women had had half-hour rest periods even though the law didn't require it! Certain students and alumni of Harvard, however, were not so imperturbable. Headed by Corliss Lamont, a group of 268 of them contributed $3,880, the sum necessary to pay the nineteen scrubwomen their back wages. The money reached them on the day before Christmas in the form of savings-bank account books. To make sure that it would not be mistaken for charity, each book was accompanied by a letter which recited at length the "neglect and niggardliness" of the corporation and stated that its attitude throughout the episode was unrepresentative of Harvard and its students and alumni. And for fear the scrubwomen would neglect to show the letter to the members of the Harvard corporation, Mr. Lamont sent it to the newspapers.

CHRISTINA MERRIMAN, who died on December 23, was secretary of the Foreign Policy Association of New York from its inception in 1919 until her resignation on account of ill health three years ago. She was one of those comparatively little-known Americans to whom her countrymen owe a great debt. In the words of James G. McDonald and Paul U. Kellogg, "There was something at once vivid, daring, and constructive in the contribution which she made to the life of New York and to the newer forces that have gathered head in the field of international relations since the World War." She played an important part in the creation and development of the organization which, through its various agencies of publicity and research, has already done so much toward the building up of an informed and liberal public opinion on international relations in this country. The most fitting memorial to such a brave and liberal spirit is the carrying forward of the work of enlightenment and international understanding in which her interest was so deeply engaged.

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The Liberator: 1831-1931

ONE hundred years ago there was founded a journal of liberty without exact parallel in American history. With his own hands William Lloyd Garrison set the type for this first issue of his little weekly, working in a garret without a single subscriber obtained in advance to give him hope. So limited were their means that he and his partner, Isaac Knapp, slept upon the floor of their composing room; for nearly ten months they lived only upon what they could purchase at a nearby bakery. To quote the lines of James Russell Lowell:

> In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
> Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
> The place was dark, unfurnitured, and mean;
> Yet there the freedom of a race began.

It is a tradition that Lincoln himself once said that without the preparatory work of the *Liberator* the Emancipation Proclamation would never have been signed in 1863.

Nine biographies have now been written of this militant unschooled young man—he was twenty-five years old when he founded his *Liberator*—and no history of the Abolition era fails to record the career of this weekly and its editor. Over him and his methods controversies still rage. There are teachers in plenty to lay at the doors of this nonresistant the responsibility for the bloodshed of 1861-65 which he abhorred. The violence of his language is deplored today as it was in his own time. His "wild words," it is again the fashion to say, stirred men's passions, roused their hatreds, and drove them at one another's throats in 1861. This is the power attributed to the man whose main arguments were thunderbolts drawn from the Bible, in the polemical use of which he was, declares his latest biographer, unequaled in our history. This control of American public opinion, of the emotions of his fellow-citizens, is attributed to an editor the circulation of whose weekly never went above three thousand copies, whose tiny budget never balanced, who was destitute when in 1865 he suspended publication because the great liberation had come. Happiest of reformers, both by temperament and because of his convictions, his was the rare good fortune to see victory achieved within the span of his best years for a cause for which no Boston church would open its doors in 1831, for which he was mobbed by his fellow-townsmen—because of his advocacy of which an American legislature, to use Garrison's own phrase, set a price upon his head.

The critics attribute to William Lloyd Garrison's clarion voice and pen far too much power. They would assign to him sole responsibility for a result for which there were dozens of other causes. They forget the nature of the slave power itself, whose very wickedness drove it to its doom. They forget the inevitable passions aroused by any attempt to perpetuate a system that strikes at everything sacred in human nature—at the right to possess one's own body and soul, at the right to insure bodily and spiritual freedom for the members of one's own family, at the right to order one's own way of life by one's own wishes and one's own conscience. The critics forget the aggression in Texas; the crime of the Mexican War, which Ulysses S. Grant, a participant in it, declared to be the least excusable in history; they forget the theft of Arizona, New Mexico, and southern California; they forget the economic urge for new lands to devastate with a fatal single-crop system and wasteful unpaid labor, which urge had within it the seeds of certain death; they forget Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. All this in awe of a single man's words, because those words, blazing with the inextinguishable fire of the moral law, seared and maddened the guilty at whom they were directed—the guilty in Boston and New York and in the halls of Congress as well as in Richmond and New Orleans. Those words infuriated because they were the truth; they burnt men's consciences to the raw.

Let who will deprecate the spiritual violence of a Garrison. We are content to believe that had there not been violence plus sincerity and conviction and justice and truth in the words of the *Liberator,* their author must have failed in his task and his journal would today be earning not a line in the histories of his country. We of *The Nation* have little patience, as our readers must be aware, with the mealy-mouthed advocacy of reforms, with the good-Lord, good-Devil methods of those who would advance the world by never attributing motives, or describing evil deeds in ultimate terms. We only wish that *The Nation,* this child of the *Liberator*—for *The Nation* was founded by Godkin and the third son of Garrison as soon as the *Liberator* ceased, and Garrison himself wrote for an early issue—might have inherited more of its passion and its "destructive" power of anathema. There are and always will be times and wrongs that call for another Book of Jeremiah, for violent words that, like those of Garrison, come from men ready like him to declare that they will be "as harsh as truth, as uncompromising as justice." Indeed, if the *Liberator's* critics would seek the source of its extraordinary power, it lies in this declaration—not merely in the violence of its thunderbolts, but in its glorious refusal to deal with any compromisers in or out of office, or to strike any bargain, or accept any compromise whatsoever.

Surely never were qualities like those of Garrison more needed than today, in this hour of national suffering, in this time of hesitation. In the highest places sit men who temporize, who bear false witness, who compromise, and compromise, and compromise—none more so than the Quaker Herbert Hoover, who, thank fortune, bears no resemblance to the noble band of that faith who were the backbone of Abolition and insured Garrison's success. Mr. Hoover sins steadily, we believe, against his own knowledge as he does against his readopted faith. It is still a fight as to whether this nation shall remain half slave and half free; still a battle whether the men who possess shall hold the race in servitude by reason of their laws and their wars; still a question whether freedom shall not perish from this earth. Hence we have deemed it but our duty to recall for a moment a man who dared stake his conscience against the whole world.

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THE LIBERATOR.

VOL. I. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND ISAAC KNAPP, PUBLISHERS. No. 1.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.] OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE MANKIND. [SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1831.

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THE LIBERATOR.

THE SALUTATION.

To date my being from the opening year,
I come, a stranger in this busy sphere.
Where some I meet perchance may pause and ask,
What is my name, my purpose, or my task?

My name is 'LIBERATOR:' I propose
To hurl my shafts at freedom's deadliest foes
My task is hard—for I am charged to save
Man from his brother!—to redeem the slave!

Ye who may hear, and yet condemn my cause,
Say, shall the best of Nature's holy laws
Be trodden down? and shall her open veins
Flow but for cement to her offspring's chains?

Art thou a parent? shall thy children be
Rent from thy breast, like branches from the tree,
And doom'd to servitude, in helplessness,
On other shores, and thou ask no redress

Thou, in whose bosom glows the sacred flame
Of filial love, say, if the tyrant came,
To force thy parent *shrieking* from thy sight,
Would thy heart bleed—*because thy face is white?*

Art thou a brother? shall thy sister twine
Her feeble arm in agony on thine,
And thou not lift the heel, nor aim the blow
At him who bears her off to life-long wo!

Art thou a sister! will no despirate cry
Awake thy sleeping brother while thine eye
Beholds the fetters locking on the limb
Stretched out in rest, which hence, must end, for him!

A thou a lover?—no! nought e'er was found
In lover's breast, save cords of love, that bound
Man to his kind! then, thy profession save!
Forswear affection or release thy slave!

Thou who art kneeling at thy Maker's shrine,
Ask if Heaven takes such offerings as thine!
If in thy bonds the son of Afric sighs,
Far higher than thy prayer his groans will rise!

God is a God of mercy, and would see
The prison doors unbarr'd—the bondmen free!
He is a God of truth, with purer eyes
Than, to behold the oppressor's sacrifice!

Avarice, thy cry and thine insatiable thirst
Make man consent to see his brother cursed!
Tears, sweat and blood thou drink'st, but, in their turn,
They shall cry 'more!" while vengeance bids thee burn.

The Lord hath said it!—who shall him gainsay?
He says, 'the wicked they shall go away,'——
Who are the wicked!——Contradict who can,
They are the oppressors of their fellow man!

Aid me, New England! 'tis my hope in you
Which gives me strength my purpose to pursue!
Do you not hear your sister States resound
With Afric's cries to have her sons unbound?

* * *

TO THE PUBLIC.

In the month of August, I issued proposals for publishing 'THE LIBERATOR' in Washington City; but the enterprise, though hailed in different sections of the country, was palsied by public indifference. Since that time, the removal of the Genius of Universal Emancipation to the Seat of Government has rendered less imperious the establishment of a similar periodical in that quarter.

During my recent tour for the purpose of exciting the minds of the people by a series of discourses on the subject of slavery, every place that I visited gave fresh evidence of the fact, that a greater revolution in public sentiment was to be effected in the free states—*and particularly in New England*—than at the South. I found contempt in no bitter, opposition more active, detraction no more relentless, prejudice more stubborn, and apathy more frozen than among slave owners themselves. Of course there were individual exceptions to the contrary. This state of things afflicted, but did not disheaten me. I determined, at every hazard, to lift up the standard of emancipation in the eyes of the nation, *within sight of Bunker Hill and in the birth place of liberty.* That standard is now unfurled; and long may it float, unhurt by the spoliations of time or the missiles of a desperate foe—yea, till every chain be broken, and every bondman set free. Let southern oppressors tremble—let their secret abettors tremble—let *their northern* apologists tremble—let all the enemies of the persecuted blacks tremble.

I deem the publication of my original Prospectus* unnecessary, as it has obtained a wide circulation. The principles therein inculcated will be steadily pursued in this paper, excepting that I shall not array myself as the political partisan of any man. In defending the great cause of human rights, I wish to derive the assistance of all religious and of all parties.

Assenting to the 'self-evident truth' maintained in the American Declaration of Independence, 'that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' I shall strenuously contend for the immediate enfranchisement of our slave population. In Park-street Church, on the Fourth of July, 1829, in an address on slavery, I unreflectingly assented to the popular but pernicious doctrine of *gradual* abolition. I seize this opportunity to make a full and unequivocal recantation, and thus publicly to ask pardon of my God, of my country, and of my brethren the poor slaves, for having uttered a sentiment so full of timidity, injustice, and absurdity. A similar recantation from my pen was published in the Genius of Universal Emancipation at Baltimore, in September, 1829. My conscience is now satisfied.

I am aware, that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I *will be* as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! no! Tell a man whose house is on fire, to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen;—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—AND I WILL BE HEARD. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead.

It is pretended that I am retarding the cause of emancipation by the corseness of my invective, and the precipitancy of my measures. *The charge is not true.* On this question my influence,—humble as it is—is felt at this moment to a considerable extent, and shall be felt in coming years—not perniciously, but beneficially—not as a curse, but as a blessing; and posterity will bear testimony that I was right. I desire to thank God, that he enables me to disregard 'the fear of man which bringeth a snare,' and to speak his truth in its simplicity and power. And here I close with this fresh dedication:

'Oppression! I have seen thee, face to face,
And met thy cruel eye and bloody brow,
But thy soul-withering glance I fear not now—
For dread to prouder feelings doth give place,
Of deep abhorrence! Scorning the disgrace
Of slavish knees that at thy footstool bow,
I also kneel—but with far other vow
Do bad thee and thy herd of hirelings base—
I swear, while life-blood warms my throbbing veins,
Still to oppose and thwart, with heart and hand,
Thy brutalizing sway—till Afric's chains
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,—
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod:
Such is the vow I take—so HELP me God."

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BOSTON, January 1, 1831.

* I would here offer my grateful acknowledgments to those editors who so promptly and generously inserted my Proposals. They must give me an available opportunity to repay their liberality.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

What do many of the professed enemies of slavery mean, by heaping all their reproaches upon the South, and asserting that the crime of oppression is not national? What power but Congress—and Congress by the authority of the American people—has jurisdiction over the District of Columbia? That District is rotten with the plague, and stinks in the nostrils of the world. Though it is the Seat of our National Government,—open to the daily inspection of foreign ambassadors,—and ostensibly opulent with the congregated wisdom, virtue and intelligence of the land,—yet a fouler spot scarcely exists on earth. In it the worst features of slavery are exhibited; and as a mart for slave-traders, it is unequalled. These facts are well known to our two or three hundred representatives, but no remedy is proposed; they are known, if not minutely at least generally, to our whole population,—but who calls for redress?

Hitherto, a few straggling petitions, relative to this subject, have gone into Congress; but they have been too few to denote much public anxiety, or to command a deferential notice. It is certainly time that a vigorous and systematic effort should be made, from one end of the country to the other, to pull down that national monument of oppression which towers up in the District. We do hope that the 'earthquake voice' of the people will this session shake the black fabric to its foundation.

The following petition is now circulating in this city, and has obtained several valuable signatures. A copy may be found at the bookstore of LINCOLN & EDMANDS, No. 59 Washington-st., for a few days longer, where all the friends of the cause are earnestly invited to go and subscribe.

Petition to Congress for the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, the petition of the undersigned citizens of Boston in Massachusetts and its vicinity respectfully represents—

That your petitioners are deeply impressed with the evils arising from the existence of slavery in the District of Columbia. While our Declaration of Independence boldly proclaims as self-evident truths, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,'—at the very seat of government human beings are born, almost daily, whom the laws pronounce to be from their birth, not *equal* to other men, and who are, for life, deprived of *liberty* and the free *pursuit of happiness.* The inconsistency of the conduct of our nation with its political creed, has brought down upon it the just and severe reprehension of foreign nations.

In addition to the other evils flowing from slavery, both moral and political, which it is needless to specify, circumstances have rendered this District a common resort for traders in human flesh, who bring into it their captives in chains, and lodge them in places of confinement, previously to their being carried into the market of the south and west.

From the small number of slaves in the District of Columbia, and the moderate proportion which they bear to the free population there, the difficulties, which in most of the slaveholding States oppose the restoration of this degraded class of men to their natural rights, do not exist.

Your petitioners therefore pray that Congress will without delay, take such measures for the immediate or gradual abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; and for the preventing of bringing slaves into that District for purposes of traffic, in such mode as may be thought advisable; and that suitable provision be made for the education of all free blacks and colored children in the District, thus to preserve them from continuing, even as free men, as unenlightened and degraded caste.

If any individual should be unmoved, either by the petition or the introductory remarks, the following article will startle his apathy, unless he be morally dead—dead—dead. Read it—read it! The language of the editor is remarkable for its energy considering the quarter whence it emanates. After all, we are not the only fanatics in the land!

(From the Washington Spectator of Dec. 4.)

THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE CAPITAL.

'The tender ties of husband, fat- er, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end,
And each endeavors, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.
They lose in tears the fa- receding shore,
But not the thought that they must meet no more!'

It is well, perhaps, the American people should know, that while we reiterate our boasts of liberty in the ears of nations, and send back across the Atlantic our shouts of joy at the triumph of liberty in France, we ourselves are busily engaged in the work of oppression. Yes, let it be known to the citizens of America, that at the very time when the procession which contained the President of the United States and his Cabinet was marching in triumph to the Capitol, to celebrate the victory of the French over their oppressors, another kind of procession was marching another way, and that consisted of colored human beings, handcuffed in pairs, and driven along by what had the appearance of a man on a horse! A similar scene was repeated on Saturday last; a drove consisting of males and females chained in couples, starting from Roby's tavern on foot, for Alexandria, where with others, they are to embark on board a slave-ship in waiting to convey them to the South. While we are writing, a colored man enters our room, and begs us to inform him if we can point out any person who will redeem his friend now immured in Alexandria jail, in a state of distress amounting almost to distraction.* He has been a *bona fide* servant of a revolutionary officer who recently died—has been sold at auction—parted from affectionate parents—and from decent and mourning friends. Our own servant, with others, of whom we can speak in commendatory terms, went down to Alexandria to bid him farewell, but they were refused admittance to his cell, as was said, 'the sight of his friends made him feel so.' He bears the reputation of a pious man. It is but a few weeks since we saw a ship with her cargo of slaves in the port of Norfolk, Va.; on passing up the river, saw another ship off Alexandria, swarming with the victims of human cupidity. Such are the scenes enacting in the heart of the American nation. Oh, patriotism! where is thy indignation! Oh, philanthropy! where is thy sacred fire, SHAME, WHERE IS THE BLUSH! Well may the generous and noble minded O'Connell say of the American citizen, *'I tell him he is a hypocrite. Look at the stain in your star-spangled standard that was never struck down in battle. I turn from the Declaration of American Independence, and I tell him that he has declared to God and man a lie, and before God and man I arraign him as a hypocrite.'* Yes, thou soul of fire, glorious O'Connell, if thou could but witness the spectacles in Washington that make the genius of liberty droop her head in shame, and weep her tears away in deep silence and undissembled sorrow, you would lift your voice to tones of thunder, but you would make yourself heard. Where is the O'Connell of this republic that will plead for the EMANCIPATION OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA? These shocking scenes must cease from amongst us, or we must cease to call ourselves free; or, and we must cease to expect the mercy of God—we must prepare for the coming judgment of Him who, as our charter acknowledges, made all men *'free and equal!'*

* At the same time the man was sold, another—a husband—was knocked off. The tears and agonies of his wife made such an impression on the mind of a generous spectator, that he bought him back.

When a premium of fifty dollars is offered for the best theatrical poem, our newspapers advertise the fact with great unanimity. The following is incomparably more important.

PREMIUM.

A Premium of Fifty Dollars, the Donation of a benevolent individual in the State of Maine, and now deposited with the Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery, &c. is offered to the author of the best Treatise on the following subject: 'The Duties of Ministers and Churches of all denominations to avoid the sin of Slavery, and to make the holding of Slaves a barrier to communion and church membership.'

The composition to be directed (post-paid) to either of the subscribers—the name of the author in a separate sealed paper, which will be destroyed if his work shall be rejected.

Six months from this date are allowed for the purpose of receiving the Essays.

The publication and circulation of the preferred Tract will be regulated by the Pennsylvania Society above mentioned.

W. RAWLE,
J. PRESTON,
THOMAS SHIPLEY,
} *Committee.*

The first page of the first issue of The Liberator

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Political Thuggery

ROBERT H. LUCAS, executive director of the Republican National Committee, is an instructive political exhibit. By secretly sending out reprints of a fake letter and a scurrilous and lying circular he tried to defeat Senator Norris in the recent campaign. Senator Norris has characterized his action as "disreputable, dishonorable, and damnable," because "not done openly, but like a snake in the grass," while Senator Cutting has described his performance accurately as "political thuggery." Anyone who wants a first-class example of that kind of action will know, therefore, exactly in what direction to look.

The instruction to be derived from Mr. Lucas does not stop at this point. If we accept at face value his unwilling testimony before the Nye committee, these admirable activities of his were carried on with his own money—money borrowed, it appears, on the strength of a special fund of $40,000 put at his disposal by J. R. Nutt, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, according to the testimony of Wade H. Cooper, president of the Commercial National Bank of Washington. Now nobody is going to doubt the self-proclaimed ignorance of Chairman Fess on this or any other subject under heaven; but when Chairman Fess states flatly on the Senate floor that he does not intend to do anything about the matter, he publicly ratifies the responsibility of the Republican National Committee for the action of Mr. Lucas.

Instruction does not stop even here. Mr. Lucas, caught with the goods, brazens it out before the Nye committee, and attempts to read Senator Norris out of the party. Thereupon Representative Will R. Wood, chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, emerges from a conference with President Hoover, and at the door of the White House characterizes Senator Norris as neither a Republican nor a Democrat, but a "consummate demagogue," at the same time declaring that "Mr. Lucas has expressed the sentiment of every Republican in the country." Despite all protestations, the President, who was responsible for Mr. Lucas's appointment, is thus involved by silence if by nothing more. We are, of course, aware that Messrs. Lucas and Wood both absolve the President of all responsibility for their actions and their words. Of course they do. But even assuming, as we must, Mr. Hoover's complete lack of knowledge of the activities of his appointee, Mr. Lucas, when those disreputable proceedings were brought to his attention why did he not disown Mr. Lucas or have him dismissed, as honest Republican newspapers demanded, and as any honest man must have desired? We answer in the words of the conservative and Republican-minded New York *Evening Post*: "Prompt and courageous action is simply not in the character of Mr. Hoover. It is perhaps unfair to expect it of him. He has again taken the course of indirection which is all too familiar, and all too costly for him."

Into the larger possibilities of this attack it is as yet too early to enter deeply. The inclination of the Republican organization to apply the lash to all the Progressives apparently contends with a more sober calculation of possible consequences. There is an effort to isolate Senator Norris by casting him into outer darkness, and inviting his associates to remain at the wedding feast. *Divide et impera* is an ancient and honorable rule whose possible application in the present case is all too apparent. Professor Dewey's call to Senator Norris to get out of the Republican Party and put himself at the head of a third-party movement suggests another possibility that the Republican organization may well view with dread, remembering what happened in 1912. In view of the manifold complications of the present political situation, Senator Norris's refusal is altogether understandable. Of one thing we are well assured, and that is that his action is dictated by no considerations of expediency, but by his deliberate judgment of all the public interests involved.

The forces behind this vicious attack on the Nebraska Senator are by no means fully revealed. In view of his long struggle with the power interests, and in consideration of their grip on the Republican organization, there is likely to be widespread belief that power influences are responsible. But in any case the issues involved transcend in importance the fortunes of any individual. We are in the midst of a highly important political battle in which the clear duty of the Progressives in Washington is to stand solidly behind the man whose sturdy and courageous fighting has now made him the center of attack. In carrying on the struggle we may reasonably ask the group to furnish the progressive political leadership of which the country is so sorely in need. Such leadership, to be effective, must be based upon the judgment of the experienced men in Washington, but must also have the support of liberals throughout the country. It is a time for Progressive unity, for cooperation among legislators and laymen who will work together for the formulation of a program on which the battles of the future may be fought.

Call an Early Session

SENATOR BORAH has given five reasons why, in his opinion, there should be an early meeting of the Seventy-second Congress, namely, the need of legislation regarding power, the regulation of buses in interstate commerce, injunctions in strikes, the railway situation, and the farm question. None of these matters, he insists, can possibly be dealt with in what remains of the present short session, and all of them are imperatively in need of attention. He leaves out the appropriation bills, against which he says he is not going to filibuster, and the World Court resolution, about which he "has no threat" and which is purely a Senate matter anyway. Representative Wood of Indiana, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, announces, after the usual call at the White House, that as far as he is concerned "there will be no extra session," and professes to speak with authority in adding that there "will be no need" of one. Mr. Hoover, who never seems quite at ease when Congress is near by, has not only let it be known that he does not intend to call a special session of the Senate to consider the World Court, but has tried to stave off an early meeting of Congress by proposing the little-used "continuing resolution" under which, if the appropriation bills now pending seem by the middle of February likely to fail of passage, a continuance for another year of the appropriations for the current fiscal year shall be duly authorized. Presumably he thinks there would be no difficulty in getting such a resolution through.

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We think that Senator Borah has the right of it, not merely for the reasons which he cites, but for another which is fundamental. If there is legislative work of importance to be done, as there certainly is at all the points which Senator Borah adduces as well as at others which he might have indicated, it is proper that Congress should be given a chance to attend to it without interposing months and months of delay. Mr. Hoover, of course, with his ingrained notions of efficiency, does not think so at all. He would like to have Congress vote as soon as possible all the money that has been asked for, and then go home and let him run the show. It is highly probable that the polished mirror of his mind reflects in this the traditional attitude of "business" and "Wall Street" which deplores the activity of Congress when times are good and dreads it when times are bad. Yet even Mr. Hoover must know that the Constitution devolves the legislative power upon Congress and that the function of the President in the matter is limited to giving information, offering recommendations, and interposing a veto if he thinks bills are unwise. Deliberately to stand off a meeting of Congress when there is weighty legislative work to be done is to deprive the people of a constitutional right, and it was not to interfere with the normal working of the Constitution that Mr. Hoover was elected.

There might be some shadow of justification for keeping the new Congress away from Washington for eight months in a time of national crisis if Mr. Hoover had shown himself a statesman of large caliber and an administrator of distinguished ability, bereft of political ambition and cold to the influences of the party machine, although even so the precedent would be a dangerous one. Unfortunately, respect for the Hoover tradition of greatness has dwindled materially, and the market quotation of that particular stock is at the moment pretty low. If Mr. Hoover has any views about the power question except such as important sections of the country do not want, or about interstate commerce except to let the Interstate Commerce Commission go on fiddling with railways and buses, or about federal injunctions in labor disputes except to support more Judge Parkers, or about farm relief except to continue pouring Treasury money into the Chicago wheat pit, the country does not know what they are; while if he had on all these topics the wisest ideas to be found anywhere, it is not for him but for Congress to give them form and effect.

We hope, therefore, that Senator Borah and those who think as he does will press with all their strength the demand for an early Congressional session. Whatever the shortcomings of Congress, and they have been many, it is the only body that can remove legislative obstacles to economic recovery or permit the healthy processes of economic life to go on unimpeded under the sanction of law. We are far from thinking that the present depression in business can be dispelled only through federal legislation, but in so far as such legislation is needed to restrain private or corporate greed, insure justice between workers and employers, facilitate the search for employment or make employment more secure, provide a fair return for transportation service, or free legitimate industry or trade from governmental annoyance, Congress should be invited to act. Mr. Hoover will assume a grave responsibility if he deprives the new Congress of the opportunity of doing what good it can in order that he, with his disheartening record, may boss the works.

Heartache Preferred

"AFTER THE BALL" was the great popular song of the Gay Nineties. The newspapers tell us that 3,000,000 copies of the words and music were sold, and the song must have been sung, hummed, or whistled—chiefly the two latter—by at least 30,000,000 persons. Most of them, if alive today, can still recall the music of the chorus and at least some of the words, although to save themselves from the pillory they couldn't recollect a single member of the Cabinet of Grover Cleveland's second administration or tell you who was President of France at that time.

Of course they couldn't tell you the author of the song, either. Not one in a thousand of them ever knew—the author of a popular song must enjoy fame anonymously if at all—and most of those who did know had imagined that the composer must long since have passed into the shadows. So it arouses queer, unreal memories of a now nebulous and almost legendary past to learn through the newspapers that Charles K. Harris, the head of a successful music-publishing business in New York City, has just died. For he wrote the words and music of "After the Ball."

The song was not only the most memorable popular ballad of the Mauve Decade, but according to the estimate of Sigmund Spaeth in "Read 'Em and Weep" it was the first great financial success of its kind. It set song-writing up as a job at which one could work and still eat, and it established the publication of popular music on a sound business footing. The story is of a man at a ball who, leaving his sweetheart for a few moments, returns to find her (Great heavens!) kissing *another*. He believes her to be "faithless," refuses to hear explanations, and leaves her. Years later he learns that the intruding man (What the heck!) was the girl's brother. The chorus of the song went:

> After the ball is over,
> After the break of morn,
> After the dancers' leaving,
> After the stars are gone;
> Many a heart is aching,
> If you could read them all;
> Many the hopes that have vanished
> After the ball.

That was enough to set 30,000,000 Americans singing, humming, or whistling until the song became more tiresome in its day than have become in ours the predictions of big-business men of an early return of "prosperity." One may call the words drivel and the music dross. But that is a verdict rather than an explanation. It is a statement of taste, not an answer to the question why the song had a hold on 30,000,000 people. The significant lines of the chorus are the fifth and sixth. They carry the note of frustration without which a sentimental song cannot be a tophole success. The public may like its magazine stories to have a happy ending, but it wants its songs to have a sad one. Tin-Pan Alley has its favorite issues as well as Wall Street. The public can always be counted on to buy Mother Love, Wandering Boy, Erring Daughter, and Days That Are Gone. But the two prime securities are Sweetheart common and Heartache preferred.

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The Nation's Honor Roll for 1930

WE print below the names of a group of Americans who have, during the past year, performed some distinguished public service, who have made a contribution to art or to literature, or who have merely done something interesting. Without pretending that this list is all inclusive, we offer it as one deserving the grateful recollection of other Americans.

Public Service

JOHN BASSETT MOORE, who added to a long career of distinguished public service by his recent speech exposing the fallacies of the present American recognition policy, particularly with regard to Soviet Russia and the republics of Central America.

GEORGE WILLIAM NORRIS, Senator from Nebraska, for his election victory over the political machine and the power interests, and for his continued devotion to the cause of honesty in government.

WILLIAM HENRY LANGDON, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of California, for his outspoken and courageous dissenting opinion in the recent review of the Billings application for pardon.

MARTIN THOMAS MANTON, LEARNED HAND, and THOMAS WALTER SWAN, Justices of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, for reversing the decision denying citizenship to Douglas Clyde Macintosh and Marie Averill Bland because of their refusal to bear arms in time of war.

NELSON TRUSLER JOHNSON, whose appointment as Minister to China brought to the Far East an American diplomatic representative whose diplomacy is not only thoroughly honest and sound, but is based on a rare understanding of the people of the Orient.

The HAITIAN COMMISSION, for its understanding investigation of conditions in Haiti, and for its courage in recommending that the United States substitute justice for paternalism in its relations with that country.

MRS. HELENA HILL WEED, for her invaluable assistance to the Haitian Commission during its investigation.

FRANCES PERKINS, chairman of the New York State Industrial Board, for challenging the Administration's underestimates of the extent of unemployment and calling public attention to the true state of affairs.

ELMER STUART SMITH, for his uncompromising ten-year fight for justice to Washington's Centralia prisoners, even at the cost of his own disbarment, now happily ended.

ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS, president of the University of Chicago, for his scheme of reorganization for the university, in which he plans to put routine in the background and bring education and enlightenment to the fore.

ABRAHAM FLEXNER, for his book, "Universities, American, English, German," in which he dares outspokenly to criticize the crassness and commercialization of American universities.

FRANK MONROE HAWKS, for his numerous record-breaking flights made in the course of the day's work, showing the present possibilities of the airplane in the hands of a skilled aviator.

Journalism

The *Editor and Publisher,* for its quiet but unyielding defense of the rights of free speech and a free press.

The ST. LOUIS *Post-Dispatch,* for maintaining its high standards of journalism, and particularly for its effective and unremitting battle to protect the people of Missouri from exploitation by public-utility corporations.

LOUIS B. SELTZER and CARLTON K. MATSON, editors of the Cleveland *Press,* who preferred jail to submission to a judicial tyranny that sought to silence them by injunction.

Books

PETER ARNO, for his collection of joyously original illustrated jokes entitled "Hullabaloo," which satirize the spirit of their time with unique skill.

HART CRANE, for "The Bridge," a poem unusual in technique, original in imagery, and affirmative in tone.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, for "The Forty-Second Parallel," a remarkably rich cross-section of the chaos of contemporary American life.

CARL VAN DOREN, for "Swift," the best biography of the subject in our generation, and a model of biographical method.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, for "R. V. R., the Life and Times of Rembrandt van Rijn," which contains the great deal that the author knows about human life and about the seventeenth century, and all his loyalty and affection for one of the greatest painters who ever lived.

Drama

MARC CONNELLY, who, with the help of ROARK BRADFORD as author and RICHARD HARRISON as chief performer, produced, in "The Green Pastures," a play that in its unfailing gentleness and tender humor has moved New York theatergoers to enthusiasm and piety.

The THEATER GUILD OF NEW YORK, for producing, among other plays, "Red Rust," "The Apple Cart," "A Month in the Country," and "Roar China."

EVA LE GALLIENNE, who, with her associates in the Civic Repertory Theater, has capped her productions by a fresh and beautiful performance of "Romeo and Juliet."

The producers of "All Quiet on the Western Front," for their cinematic craftsmanship and for the courageous fidelity with which they adhered to Remarque's vivid record of the sheer bestiality and horror of war.

The creators of the animated motion picture cartoons, particularly as exemplified in the MICKY MOUSE and SILLY SYMPHONY series.

Architecture

BUCKMINSTER FULLER, engineer, of New York, for his pioneering work in developing the potentialities of mass production, new materials, and new engineering principles for housing that is practical, cheap, and of good design.

HENRY WRIGHT, of New York, for his attempt to cope with the congested living conditions of the American city.

ELIEL SAARINEN, now of Detroit, for the delightful character of the Cranbrook School near that city.

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Garrison, Breaker of Chains

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

THE place of William Lloyd Garrison in American history is secure. When his interest in chattel slavery was first strongly aroused by Benjamin Lundy in 1828, that institution was enshrined in the American Constitution, moral and religious sentiment in opposition to it was almost non-existent, and nothing could have appeared more improbable than its early overthrow. Garrison established the *Liberator* on January 1, 1831; in little more than a third of a century thereafter, following a tremendous civil war, legal slavery came forever to an end in the United States by the process of constitutional prohibition. Rarely in history has an equal change in public sentiment and in political institutions taken place in an equally short space of time. It was the work of no one man; yet for that change William Lloyd Garrison, as no other individual, was responsible. Well he deserves his title of the Liberator. The generous words of his great coworker, Wendell Phillips, spoken at the end of the Civil War, are scarcely an exaggeration:

> He [Garrison] is, in so full and true a sense, the creator of the anti-slavery *movement,* that I may well say I have never uttered an anti-slavery word which I did not owe to his inspiration; I have never done an anti-slavery act of which the primary merit was not his. More than that: in my experience of nigh thirty years, I have never met the anti-slavery man or woman who had struck any effectual blow at the slave system in this country, whose action was not born out of the heart and conscience of William Lloyd Garrison.

It was not the Negro slave alone, however, to whom Garrison brought liberty, though it is with that fundamental change in American policy that his name will forever be most intimately associated. His ideas of the sinfulness of slavery came to be connected with other views of human life and duty that have already made him a powerful liberating force in other fields as well, and the influence of those views widens with the years. The essential spirit of his work and its immediate influence outside the field in which his energies were most directly engaged were admirably stated by John Stuart Mill, who, at the great testimonial given to Garrison on the occasion of his third visit to England in 1867, drew two chief lessons from his career as "specially deserving to be laid to heart by all who would leave the world better than they found it":

> The first lesson is: Aim at something great; aim at things which are difficult; and there is no great thing which is not difficult. Do not pare down your undertaking to what you can hope to see successful in the next few years, or in the years of your own life. Fear not the reproach of quixotism or of fanaticism; but after you have well weighed what you undertake, if you see your way clearly, and are convinced that you are right, go forward, even though you, like Mr. Garrison, do it at the risk of being torn to pieces by the very men through whose changed hearts your purposes will one day be accomplished. . . .
>
> The other lesson . . . is this: If you aim at something noble and succeed in it, you will generally find that you have succeeded not in that alone. . . . The heart and mind of a nation are never stirred from their foundations without manifold good fruits. In the case of the great American contest, these fruits have already been great, and are daily becoming greater. . . . The chains of prescription have been broken; it is not only the slave who has been freed—the mind of America has been emancipated. The whole intellect of the country has been set thinking about the fundamental questions of society and government; . . . and that great nation is saved, probably for a long time to come, from the most formidable danger of a completely settled state of society and opinion—intellectual and moral stagnation.

Garrison's power arose from his absolutely clear conviction of certain fundamental truths, his complete fearlessness in following his conviction, and (strange though it may sound to those who have not studied his life) his extraordinary judgment in choice of the means to his ends. To quote one of his hostile newspaper critics, the Boston *Courier*:

> His path of duty lies as clear before him as the traveled highway. He has no temptation to turn to the right hand or the left. He has no doubts, no misgivings, no questionings. Onward, straight onward, like the flight of an arrow through the air, does he move to his aim.

In regard to slavery, as a youth of twenty-three, in the year 1829, when the popular conscience had scarcely begun to stir, Garrison came to the conclusion that human bondage was inherently sinful, and that therefore the only thing to do was to demand immediate and unconditional emancipation. In that conviction he never wavered. By that compass he steered his craft. Every thought of compromise he scorned. Every man who countenanced any dealing with the accursed thing he held a traitor to the cause. The Constitution of the United States, recognizing slavery, was "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." He would have "no union with slaveholders," and from 1844 on he boldly and uncompromisingly advocated the repeal of the federal union, in order to free the North from its partnership in the sin of slavery (and incidentally, as he believed, to bring about the immediate downfall of that institution). Small wonder that the wise and the conventionally righteous regarded him as a fanatic, a madman, an atheist. Small wonder that Baltimore threw him into jail, that Boston dragged him through the streets with a rope about him, that Georgia publicly offered a reward of $5,000 for his arrest and conviction. And small wonder that a little but growing band who really understood him followed him almost as a prophet, or that his name came to be spoken with reverence and hope in slave huts and humble colored homes throughout the whole country.

There is no space to recount the details of his life, fascinating and instructive as they are. Let who will read

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them in the four volumes in which Garrison's children have told his story, largely in the words of the *Liberator* and of his voluminous correspondence. We see him beginning life as a printer's apprentice without the advantages of formal education; at sixteen starting his career as a writer; four years later launching out as an editor, a Federalist in politics, a Baptist in religion, a protectionist in economics; in 1829 joining Benjamin Lundy to carry on the *Genius of Universal Emancipation* and nailing to the mast the banner of immediate emancipation, to the horror of his subscribers; in 1830 beginning his lifetime of agitation in Boston and almost immediately launching the *Liberator* on its thirty-five-year career; going steadily forward through the succeeding thirty years of misunderstanding, persecution, and venomous personal hatred without swerving a hair's breadth from the path to his goal; single-handed attacking an entire army without fear; scarifying indifferently the little and the great in whatever measure they compromised with the sin of slavery; forever fighting the foes of his cause, yet without personal hostility; in the trying days of the Civil War maintaining his principle of non-resistance, yet sending his son to the front as lieutenant in the second colored regiment of Massachusetts and helping to hold the abolitionist movement steady when it threatened to jump the track by opposing Lincoln's second election; and so passing on to the great day of final triumph of emancipation, followed by world-wide recognition of his immense services to the cause. Through it all he himself constantly grew more and more free in mind and spirit, breaking the old chains of theological, political, and social intolerance.

It was not in his anti-slavery work alone, therefore, that Garrison's services to the cause of freedom consisted. He occupies an honorable place also in the history of religious liberty in the United States. Always a man of profoundly religious character, he gradually developed from the theological narrowness of his earlier years to a belief that had much in common with that of the more liberal members of the Society of Friends, among whom he always found his staunchest supporters. He early aroused bitter clerical antagonism by his savage attacks on the churches for their refusal to attack the sin of slavery, and during most of his mature life he was the object of unmitigated reprobation on the part of orthodox religious teachers, who stigmatized him as an atheist or, to quote a reviewer in the New York *Independent* in 1856, as one of a group of "infidels . . . of a most degraded class." To quote his official biography:

> The more he used the Scriptures in his agitation, the more he appeared to them a poacher on their preserves; and his secular agitation was a standing irritation to them as an obvious work of Christian charity conducted without the aid and direction of the cloth.

The influence of his thought in the religious field, despite such opposition, is suggested in the enthusiastic words of Elizabeth Cady Stanton:

> In the darkness and gloom of a false theology I was slowly sawing off the chains of my spiritual bondage when, for the first time, I met Garrison in London. A few bold strokes from the hammer of his truth, I was free. . . . To Garrison we owe, more than to any other one man of our day, all that we have of religious freedom.

Garrison's work for women is known to every student. To one of his sympathies and ideas, their legal and political disabilities were bound to appear unjust and immoral, and he lost no chance to plead their cause by word and deed. When the so-called woman's-rights agitation took definite form in the thirties, it was the *Liberator* that published in thirteen successive issues the letters in which Angelina Grimké set forth the case. In the first issue of the year 1838 Garrison declared: "As our object is universal emancipation—to redeem woman as well as man from a servile to an equal condition—we shall go for the *Rights of Woman* to their utmost extent." Braving the disapproval of even his liberal colleagues, Garrison early insisted on women's being associated on terms of equality with men in the work of the anti-slavery societies, and his action at the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London in 1840 constituted a master-stroke of effective agitation in behalf of women. Arriving in London to find the floor barred to the American women delegates, he refused his own seat and took his place in the gallery alongside Lucretia Mott and the other American women—an act which scandalized the convention and drew world-wide attention to the disabilities of women. Throughout his long and busy life he lost no opportunity of urging the absolute equality of rights as between men and women; in the faith that such equality would be early achieved he never wavered. How largely the events of the half-century since his death have vindicated that faith is known by all men.

Garrison's lifelong devotion to total abstinence, as well as his interest in free trade, a universal language, and the multitude of other reforms that enlisted his enthusiasm, must be passed over with a mere mention; for our brief remaining space must be given to the third of the great causes with which his name will always be associated—that is, non-resistance. As early as 1829 he declared: "I am not professedly a Quaker; but I heartily, entirely, and practically embrace the doctrine of non-resistance." During his subsequent fifty years of unending struggle, he never swerved from that principle, no matter what the temptation; and even amid the thunders of the Civil War he never ceased to bear testimony against the wickedness of organized government violence. The most striking expression of his views is found in the Declaration of Sentiments adopted by the Peace Convention in 1838: "We cannot acknowledge allegiance to any human government; neither can we oppose any such government by a resort to physical force. . . . We shall obey all the requirements of government except such as we deem contrary to the commands of the Gospel."

It is not altogether easy to determine just how much or how little influence Garrison's non-resistance testimony has had on the thought and action of our country. Certainly universal peace today appears almost infinitely remote from realization—yet who knows? In *The Nation* of May 21 last I pointed out how Garrison's influence, transmitted through Tolstoy, had touched the thought of Gandhi. In that great non-violent revolt which today is shaking British power in India and is beginning to affect life and conduct in the Western World, we may conceivably see the beginning of a movement which in its ultimate result will yet bring to an end the violence of principalities and Powers. Once more the faith of the Liberator may prove to be the faith of the prophet.

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North Carolina's New Senators

By WEIMAR JONES

FOR nearly thirty years North Carolina has been represented in the United States Senate by the same men, Furnifold McLendell Simmons and Lee Slater Overman. In last June's primary Senator Simmons was shelved by the Democratic electorate, and on December 12 Senator Overman was removed by death. When he was succeeded, five days later, by Cameron Morrison, it definitely marked the end of an era in North Carolina politics, an era of Simmons-controlled conservatism.

In the stead of its two veterans North Carolina is sending to the Senate men who are almost wholly opposites. Both have liberal leanings, both are forceful, and both have long been consistent Democratic "defenders of the faith"; but there the similarity ends. Morrison is a picturesque fighter, ever ready to champion the cause of "the pee-pul"; the other, Josiah William Bailey, is a scholar whose devotion to abstract principles of right and wrong, and specifically to righteousness in civil and political affairs, borders on fanaticism.

Bailey, a Baptist lawyer who rarely smiles, and whose lips easily form such words as "corruption," "integrity," and "righteousness," might easily be taken for an ascetic. His lean, angular face and cold, piercing eyes suggest Cassius, who thought too much. He is a brilliant but painstaking student whose mind quickly cuts through to the heart of a thing, with a logic that is irrefutable and a command of language probably unequaled by any other living North Carolinian. They say of him in North Carolina that his mind is "as quick as a steel trap."

Morrison, former "good-roads governor" and one-time Simmons lieutenant, is at once the patriot and the demagogue —in addition to being the husband of a woman worth a million or so. Hail-fellow-well-met, one of his favorite greetings to friends is "Bill, you got a chaw of tobacco?" He endeared himself to thousands when, as governor, he announced one night that he would leave for the scene of strike trouble the following morning at "sun-up." He could just as easily have said "seven o'clock," but he preferred the homespun expression.

Senator Morrison, or "Cam," as he is known to thousands (nobody would ever think of calling Senator-elect Bailey "Bill"), is a born fighter. He has been fighting ever since, with neither college education nor money, he started his climb upward. He is still ready to do battle, "at the drop of a hat," with any challenger. While he unquestionably has received much more of the credit for North Carolina's phenomenal program of road construction than is rightfully his, the fact remains that when others sought thousands for roads, Morrison boldly demanded, and obtained, millions. In his political career he has lost but one major engagement, a project calling for State construction of port terminals and inland waterways as a means of giving the State lower transportation rates—a blow which was aimed at the railroads.

How these men came to the United States Senate forms one of the interesting chapters in American political history. For thirty years the dictatorship of Senator Simmons, dating from the "red-shirt" days when the Negro was driven from the State's politics, was unquestioned; rather it was questioned only on those rare occasions when some innocent gave the "organization" opportunity to demonstrate how all-powerful it really was.

Ten years ago Simmons chose Morrison as the Democratic candidate for governor. Oliver Max Gardner, youthful orator and one-time football star, had the hardihood to oppose him for the nomination. The campaign was one of the most bitter in the annals of the State. Brothers split over it, the fight even extended into the churches; the scars of that battle have not yet wholly disappeared. On his side Gardner, the rebel, had but two assets, an oratory that well nigh swept the State off its feet and a knack for binding men to him with a loyalty that never swerves. Thus armed, he came near winning the governorship; so near that the cohorts of the "little giant," as Simmons is known, sued for peace—even though the victory was theirs.

What Gardner failed to win in battle he obtained by strategy. As the price of joining the organization he demanded and was given the promise of the governorship—eight years later; it had to be eight years, for the invariable rule is for the east and the west to take turns in furnishing the State its chief executive, and both Gardner and Morrison are from the west.

Four years later a new rebel had arisen to challenge the organization. He was Josiah William Bailey. He opposed Angus Wilton McLean, banker and organization candidate. Bailey went from one end of the State to the other, lashing the party organization with a tongue that can coin fiercely biting phrases, hurling charge after charge. Bailey went down in what appeared then as a defeat so crushing he would never again be heard from.

True to his promise, Simmons gave Gardner the gubernatorial nomination in 1928. As a mattter of fact, Gardner's heirship had so long been taken for granted, and he had so often been referred to as "the next governor," that the nomination went to him by default—there was no other candidate.

That same year Simmons the infallible, the strict party man who had ruthlessly crushed any and all whose party loyalty for an instant wavered, bolted the party. McLean lined up with him, as did Frank McNinch, of recent Power Commission fame. But Morrison, whom Simmons had made, came out emphatically for Al Smith. Bailey, for his part, not only campaigned the State for the Democratic ticket in 1928, but in 1930, with an insistence that would have done justice to a Cato, reiterated that Senator Simmons should be destroyed.

One possible Senatorial candidate after another Bailey interviewed and pledged his aid to, but one after another they declined the doubtful honor. At last Bailey announced his own candidacy, swept the State in the primary, and in November was elected by the largest majority ever given a North Carolina Senatorial candidate. From defeat to vic-

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tory, he has remained the crusading rebel, neither asking nor giving quarter.

Morrison is different. An organization creation, he stuck by the organization until 1928. And the other day he accepted an appointment to the Senate from none other than his old antagonist, the man against whom he had waged such a bitter campaign ten years ago, the man who had come so near cheating him of the governorship—Governor Oliver Max Gardner.

To Simmons, his house of cards falling all about him, the defection of Morrison, his trusted lieutenant, in 1928 was a bitter blow; he has never been able to forgive. It was a rather ironic, final touch to his utter defeat, therefore, when custom decreed that he should present Morrison to the Senate.

North Carolina's new Senators will be heard from. Morrison is too much the fighter, too colorful a personality, long to remain quiet. And Bailey is too much the student, too definitely the crusader, not to make his impress. Morrison will speak more loudly than his colleague; it remains to be seen if he will be heard as far. However that may be, their records indicate that North Carolina's new Senators will be found casting their ballots more frequently with the liberal (not radical) than the conservative blocs.

The Oriental on the Pacific Coast

By HUBERT PHILLIPS

AT a time when the Department of State is cutting down sharply the number of immigrants admitted under the quota law, and when Congress is considering the temporary prohibition of immigration, it may not be without interest to consider the experience of the Pacific Coast with the three great groups of Oriental immigrants that at various periods have troubled its calm.

In considering the history of race relations between native-born Americans and the Chinese, which were the first Oriental group to come to the Pacific Coast in any numbers, a cyclical movement becomes evident. It runs in the following fashion: invitation, welcome, discontent, agitation, legislation, exclusion, and, finally, an attitude of friendliness and good-will toward those already here. What is the explanation of these apparently curious changes in attitude? As a general approach to the whole problem of race relations let it be noted that foreign peoples are usually welcome among their neighbors when they are economically useful, that is, when they are willing to do work which, because of its hardship or disagreeableness, no one else wishes to do.

The Chinese began to come to the Pacific Coast about 1850. They were welcomed for their industry and frugality, i. e., their willingness to take low wages. When the construction of the Central Pacific began, Leland Stanford and his associates brought them into the country by the thousands. There is no telling how long the completion of the first transcontinental railroad would have been delayed had it not been for Chinese labor. A year before the completion of the Central Pacific the Burlingame treaty of 1868 granted the Chinese unlimited right of immigration and a guaranty of treatment accorded the citizens of the most favored nation.

By 1870 there were 63,199 Chinese in the United States. Of this number 49,277 were in California and practically all the others in adjoining States. The year 1870 marks the beginning, so far as a definite date can be given, of the second stage of American-Chinese relations, namely, discontent regarding the presence of the Chinese. This stage soon gave place to the next one—agitation. The reason is not far to seek. The completion of the Central Pacific in 1869 threw thousands of Chinese into industries in which they came into competition with native labor. In 1870 Chinese shoemakers, or at least potential shoemakers, were taken all the way from California to North Adams, Massachusetts, to break a strike in a shoe factory. Economic competition was getting in its work, and as a result the relations between whites and Orientals, at that time almost entirely Chinese, on the Pacific Coast were becoming strained. The business depression of 1877, which with drought affected all lines of economic activity in California, hastened the development of a bitter anti-Chinese agitation. During the years 1878 and 1879 San Francisco, and to a certain extent all of California, became familiar with the cry of Dennis Kearney that "the Chinese must go." Those were the days when the very Chinese who ten years earlier had been complimented for their industry and thrift were stoned and otherwise maltreated by mobs which invaded the Chinese quarters of California cities. The demand from the Pacific Coast for the exclusion of the Oriental soon became so insistent that Congress showed a willingness to abrogate the Burlingame treaty. There followed a contest between President Hayes and Congress, the President standing in the way of a unilateral abrogation of the Burlingame treaty but finally signing a bill suspending immigration from China for ten years. When this ten-year period expired it was renewed by the Geary act, and exclusion became the established policy.

The last stage of the cycle had now been reached. Today the Chinese as a group are respected on the Pacific Coast; they participate in civic undertakings; their children are given every educational advantage; and in some communities Chinese business men are invited to membership in the service clubs of their city. Fear has given way to mutual respect and good-will.

Very few Japanese came to the United States before the close of the nineteenth century. The exact number was a little less than 25,000. The chief factor in the rapid rise in the immigration of Chinese in the sixties was what the economist calls positive; but it was a negative factor which sent the Japanese to the United States in such numbers during the opening years of the twentieth century. This negative factor was the economic consequences of the Russo-Japanese war of 1905, which was followed by widespread economic distress in Japan.

By 1907 there were 75,000 Japanese in the United States, most of them in California. Already the hostility toward them was even greater than that felt toward the

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Chinese a generation earlier. The cycle of changing attitudes moved much more rapidly in the case of the Japanese. Just why is a little difficult to say. To the present writer the explanation plainly seems to lie in the aggressive habits and progressive character of the Japanese. While public opinion was inflamed with the charges of the low, un-American standard of living of the Japanese, it was the Japanese immigrant's determination to raise this standard, to avail himself of the opportunities offered by the public school, to refuse to remain a mere laborer, to become a proprietor that caused most of the trouble.

The Japanese, like the Chinese, became at first cultivators of the soil. To a large extent this still holds, more than half the Japanese on the Pacific Coast being engaged in the production of basic crops. But as in the case of the Chinese, urbanization is well under way. The passage of the anti-alien land law in 1913 marks a definite step in this process and is without doubt its chief cause. But despite laws prohibiting the ownership or leasing of land by Orientals, laws through and around which clever lawyers have found many paths, and despite the more recent refusal of the United States to place Japanese immigration on the quota basis, there is on the Pacific Coast today a kindlier feeling toward the Japanese already here than has existed for many years. One can find many surprising examples of recognition of certain Japanese ranchers and business men by the civic organizations of their respective communities. Even the organizations most active in bringing about the passage of the laws seeking to drive the Oriental from the land and make impossible any further immigration have announced their satisfaction with the present state of affairs as far as the Chinese and Japanese are concerned.

The Filipino is another matter. In his case the cycle has not run its course. Will it? That is the interesting question, to which the future holds the answer.

In order to produce the enormous quantities of vegetables and fruits that flow to the Eastern markets throughout nearly the whole year, California has to have a great amount of "knee" or "stoop" labor in her vineyards, orchards, and truck gardens. The anti-alien land law, seeking, and in part succeeding, to drive the Chinese and Japanese off the land, left a void which has been filled by two other immigrant groups—the Mexicans from the south and another Oriental group, the Filipinos. (This use of the term Oriental as applied to the Filipino is of course not strictly accurate. It is used here to designate his geographical origin as being more nearly Asiatic than Oceanic. It should also be remembered that the Filipino has had a long cultural contact with Latin and Anglo-Saxon institutions.)

The Mexicans have brought to the Southwestern United States great social problems and have put an enormous burden upon the social agencies dealing with crime, disease, and relief. How different is the story of the Chinese and Japanese! Out of 25,000 cases of poor relief in San Francisco in 1923 there was not a single Chinese or Japanese case. Such a statement, in view of the large Oriental population of San Francisco, is puzzling unless one remembers that the social organization of the Oriental community inevitably took the form of providing protection from the outside community, which in times past was hostile to it. Now it takes care in the same way of the social waste incident to sickness, old age, and poverty.

Even if one did not have access to immigration figures, observation alone would be evidence of the gradual increase, in recent years, in the number of Filipinos in the Pacific Coast States and especially in California. Yet the total number, 34,000, according to the California Department of Industrial Relations, seems hardly sufficient to cause serious economic disturbance in a State as large as California. Like the Chinese and the Japanese before him, the Filipino has gone directly to the land where, in some instances at least, he has proved to be the most efficient labor available. The lettuce industry in the Watsonville district has been largely developed with Filipino labor. The lettuce and asparagus growers do not find the Filipino more reliable or efficient than other Oriental laborers, but the latter groups are not available in large enough numbers. And they do find the Filipino decidedly more efficient than the Mexican and more dependable than the itinerant white laborer.

There is therefore some displacement of labor, but for the most part of labor that is not particularly anxious to do the work which the Filipino is willing to do. Nevertheless, as early as 1927 organized labor began to agitate for the exclusion of the Filipino, apparently out of fear that an influx of Filipinos might conceivably vitally affect the future labor market of the State.

There are, however, one or two factors complicating the present situation which were not present in the case of the two preceding immigrant groups from the Orient. In each of the three groups the immigrants have been largely male. W. J. French of the California Department of Industrial Relations is the authority for the statement that out of every hundred Filipinos who came to California during the ten years 1920-30, ninety-three were males. This proportion of males to females is probably no larger than it was among the Chinese and Japanese immigrants. But there is another factor which is quite different. So far as the present writer knows, no social study was ever made of the age and marital status of the Chinese and Japanese when the immigration from those countries was at its height. But the general impression is, and it seems to be well founded, that the immigration from both of those countries was largely composed of mature adults, many of whom left wives at home to whom they expected to return or whom they expected to bring to the United States as soon as they were economically established. But if one associates a little with the Filipinos in the centers where they have congregated on the Pacific Coast one is struck by the youth of the group and especially by the number of very young boys, at least in appearance. Statistics compiled by the State Department show that 80 per cent of those entering the United States from the Philippine Islands are between sixteen and thirty years of age and that 77 per cent of them are unmarried. These young men, finding themselves in a country which is strange and yet their country at least as far as the flag is concerned, seek the natural social outlets and activities of youth, only to run up against the color bar. Their perfectly natural and easily understood attempts to attract the attention of white girls and to seek their company have been, at any rate on the surface, one of the things which have aroused antagonism to the Filipino. This was the pretense for the inception of the week of rioting near Watsonville in January, 1930. A group of Filipinos had rented a dance hall a few miles out of Watsonville and set

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up a "taxi dance hall" for Filipinos. They brought in from somewhere nine white dance-hall girls. According to the testimony of the two Americans owning the property the dances were more decorously conducted than those of some American groups who had rented the hall in time past. But the "honor" of the nine white women must be saved, and so for three successive nights a mob, composed largely of young men and boys, sought to storm the dance hall and was held off only by armed guards provided in anticipation of trouble. Frustrated in this attempt, the mob satisfied itself by assaulting hapless Filipinos on the streets of Watsonville, pillaging dwellings occupied by Filipinos, and finally, by shooting up a ranchhouse in which Filipinos lived. In this affair one Filipino, Ferman Tober, was killed.

The line-up of organizations that were particularly active, on one side or the other, in the days of anti-Chinese and anti-Japanese agitation is very interesting. Labor organizations, patriotic and military organizations, and retail merchants' associations have been traditionally hostile to the immigrants. The churches, the large landowners, and importing and exporting houses or firms having international trade relations have been traditionally favorable. Nothing could show more effectively the all-pervasive influence of economics. Largely this same line-up exists in the case of the Filipino.

It is not the purpose of this article to attempt to peer into the future and prophesy what action will be taken regarding the Filipino. But one thing stands out clearly. Given California's peculiar adaptation to the production of fruits and vegetables, given the native white's disinclination to work at the production of such crops except as an owner, it follows that California must depend upon some at least temporarily "submerged" social group to produce her crops. So far she has drawn upon three Oriental groups with results which have been described. Two other courses are open to her. She may use, and in fact is using, the Mexican. In case the agitation for the exclusion of all alien groups should include him, there still remains one hope—the American Negro. During the past three years he has come to California in large numbers along with the cultivation of cotton. If a labor vacuum is created in the fruit industry he will fill it. Though he is a native and a citizen he will bring some social problems to the State, quite different from those brought by the Oriental but, nevertheless, difficult and serious. Perhaps some time it will dawn upon the human intelligence that men should own only such land as they can cultivate and harvest themselves or in cooperation with their neighbors, and that any other procedure means a floating population of homeless, womanless, and often jobless men making for an unstable, unjust, and in the long run non-prosperous social order.

"Pacification" of the Ukraine

By NEGLEY FARSON

THE "pacification" of the Ukraine brought out such atrocious stories of Polish brutality that the Polish ambassador in Washington, perhaps rashly, issued an invitation to foreign correspondents to go there "and see for themselves," an invitation which I was naive enough to accept and which brought about my arrest a week later in the remote village of Gaje.

In Berlin, when the Poles heard I was bound for the Ukraine they hastened to the telephone to assure me of every convenience; in Lwow, of course, I must be sure first to see the *voivode,* who would "arrange everything" for me. The *voivode* is a sort of local district commissioner. In Warsaw, when I announced my intention to the Foreign Office, it was not received with enthusiasm. At the same time strange comments began to appear in the newspapers, one of which said there were foreign newspaper correspondents in the town—"Some are correspondents and some have just come here to find things to say against our fair land. We should simply get rid of them as such." Of course, said the Foreign Office, I would see the *voivode* immediately upon arriving at Lwow. He would "arrange everything."

At 9:05 on the snowy morning I arrived in Lwow the *voivode* was asleep and therefore not able to "arrange everything," so leaving my card, I took a motor car and drove out to the remote village of Gaje, which, it was whispered to me in Warsaw, had been the scene of some of the worst atrocities. Polish roads are quite dreadful in the winter, and the car slithered along on a scum of slippery mud. It was the mud that enabled me to get the information I would not have got otherwise; for when we reached the country crossroad going over the hills to Gaje we were mired, and I had to do the rest of the journey on foot. For some two miles I walked across the bleak, windy hills. A heavy snowstorm had set in, against which some doleful crows were flapping helplessly. And then I passed along a scraggly gray forest (which comes into this story) and in a notch of the hills, huddling from the winter, I found the thatched clay huts of tragic Gaje.

The peasants were out, in conical sheepskin hats, busily engaged wrapping their clay houses in bundles of straw, like overcoats, to keep in the warmth of the stove. Yes, they said, the soldiers had been there. Yes, they had beaten a lot of people—you know what soldiers are. Badly? Well . . . they had killed Tiutku. How did that happen? Well . . . Tiutku was afraid . . . when the boys saw the cavalry riding they ran out and tried to hide in the woods. Then the soldiers flushed them out—just like partridges. They beat them. Tiutku? Well . . . he must have been weak . . . he thought he could save himself from further beating if he could get on the good side of the soldiers . . . help them to find something. There was a machine-gun, he said, hidden in a house he knew in the next village. Aha! said the soldiers. They took him there—and of course there wasn't any machine-gun—they couldn't find anything!

"Why did you lie to us?" asked the officer.

"Because I hate you!" wept Tiutku.

Then the soldiers beat him again and Tiutku died the next day.

That was the story. And I might say that when they knew I had found it out, the political police in Lwow ad-

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mitted it to me the next day; only they said Tiutku had died of heart failure—as well he might.

Then the police caught me. I had noticed that the peasants were beginning to get frightened as they talked with me. How did they know I might not be an agent of the Poles? Perhaps, they suggested, it would be better if the policeman saw my documents? I agreed, although I knew what it meant, and upon the appearance of that spick-and-span Polish policeman the wretched peasants became as silent as the grave. Finding that I had no official permission to visit the village, he immediately said he would have to take me back to Lwow. "Orders is orders," said he—and why had I not immediately reported to him upon entering the village? I smiled and the peasants grinned in rueful chorus. He was a decent policeman, doing his job, and we conversed amiably in the straw-filled cart that took us back to the main road, where my motor car rushed us back to Lwow.

But there the scene changed. I was taken to the station of the dreaded "political" police, where in a room gory with the photographs of bomb outrages and local terrorists captured in wrecked homes with blood-spattered walls I was put through a six-hour inquisition which reminded me of nothing less than the grilling I received when I was arrested by the czarist *okhrana* in 1915. Why had I gone to Gaje? Why had I not seen the *voivode* first? What had I seen in Gaje? Whom had I talked with in Lwow? Hour after hour, until, beginning to get annoyed, I began to ask questions myself. Did I have to have a written permission to visit the village? Yes. Did I have to show it to the local policeman as soon as I got there? Yes. "Who's asking these questions," demanded the sinister "political" Inquisitor, "I or you?" I told him that I was—whereupon another policeman was called, and I was taken out into another room, where I remained under guard. It was cold. But the last hour of my incarceration there became warm enough—the talk now centered sharply on my notebook. What had I written in it out in Gaje? I replied that was my affair. If it was an official order that they take it from me, then, I said, I could not prevent them with so many policemen around—but that would place an entirely different complexion on this whole affair. If they took it from my pocket, I assured them, I would report to my Ambassador. The Inquisitor gave me a sickly grin.

"Be a good fellow," he wheedled. "Let me see it—just for me."

This naive request was too much for me, and I told them they must let me go and get my dinner. Aside from being cold and covered with mud, I had had nothing to eat the whole day. So at ten o'clock that night they let me go—followed by spies who were as adhesive as my shadow from then on.

Lwow is a sophisticated provincial town pollenized with the cultivated tastes and desires of the sons of country landowners, and that night I had the peculiar experience of eating an excellent late supper in the very presence of the smart officers of the crack Fourteenth Cavalry Regiment who, according to the peasants in wretched Gaje, had beaten their comrade to death.

I finished my French wine, with the orchestra playing "Victoria and Her Hussar," and went out into the lobby to find my spy waiting for me—a particularly ugly girl in rubber boots.

The next day, in a tiny makeshift hospital protected by the sacred walls of the Uniate church, I saw eleven peasants in such a state that I could hardly bear to look at them. Their buttocks had been beaten to a pulp. Some of them had been lying there five weeks, attended by the kindly nuns. Bandages were removed, showing raw red septic sores some six inches in diameter that it seemed nothing less than extensive skin grafting could ever make whole again. They were merely a few from the hundreds of villages that had been "visited" by the soldiery. One man of sixty-two told me how the cavalry had ridden into his village, driving the peasants before them like cattle. The peasants had been herded into a shed where twenty of the males were laid across planks and flogged with heavy sticks. Some of them got two hundred strokes. When a man fainted he was revived by dashing cold water upon him—and flogged again. Fifty other peasants were coming to this hospital to have wounds treated. Hundreds of others lay in far villages, unable to receive medical attention as the Ukrainian doctors who tried to get out to them were arrested. This is a matter of fact.

It is also a fact that not one of these people had a single charge against him. They had merely been "pacified" by the Poles.

In the Driftway

AS the Drifter lay awake on Christmas night from having had too much turkey and too little exercise he began to reflect on what a Christmas dinner means. And in so far as his machine-age ignorance would permit he reconstructed the Christmas dinner of a farmer and his family whom he knew ten years ago in a remote corner of Wyoming. Perhaps even that distant farm has by now been drawn into the modern world but at that time it had not. This farmer and his wife were of ordinary intelligence, and they had six children, four boys and two girls. It was a long trail that led up to that Christmas dinner. Let it begin with the hatching of the turkey. Mother turkeys strut the fields and bob their necks as if they were entirely competent. But they are not. Loud-mouthed babies get lost in the tall lucerne, and animals other than humans—particularly coyotes—find turkey meat succulent. There are losses as the summer wears on, and they can be kept down only by the watchful eye of the farmer or the farmer's wife or the farmer's child. And the turkey, as everybody knows, is only the beginning. The wheat grows, is cut and threshed and sacked. On a long day the farmer hitches up the team and with a child for company drives to the flour mill with wheat enough piled up behind him to make the year's bread. He talks to the white-dusted miller and the boy watches the wheels go round. Back home, by this time, canning season is on. So many quarts of peaches and pears, mincemeat, pickles, beets, peas, beans. So many glasses of jellies, jams. Dried beans, too, dried peaches, apples, plums. Somebody is working hard, as usual. The potatoes piled in the cellar mean stooping backs. Apples still hanging on the trees mean reaching arms and wary footsteps on a shaky ladder. The pumpkins are yellow, the squash is wrinkled but not yet old enough to store.

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DAY after day the Christmas dinner piles up while the turkeys strut and gobble as if that sound were the sweetest sound on earth. The woodpile grows, too. The ax rings and the farmer tells his boys about the three heats that wood gives out—the heat you get from chopping it, the heat you get sawing it into lengths, and the heat that comes from the Franklin stove in the parlor or the big range in the kitchen. The last great work falls of course to the farmer's wife, with boys to carry water and wood and girls to try their hands at a pie crust under laborious direction. They have to learn some time. But finally the day itself comes, and the hour. The farmer and his wife and the six children sit down to a table loaded with food. And though that family may not be very long on brains, every member of it is intimately aware of where his dinner came from and how it grew, from the onion in the stuffing to the pumpkin in the pie. The boys competed with squirrels for the hickory nuts they will crack tonight. The farmer has known the apples in his excellent cider since they were pink blossoms on a crooked tree. The farmer's wife knows that turkey so well that she can hardly bear to eat it. But she does. She is hungry with a hunger that only physical activity can produce. The family has earned its living in the literal sense. It enjoys the fruits of its toil without benefit of middlemen.

* * * * *

SHIFT the scene to New York City, to the home of a $25-a-week clerk in a broker's office. He and his wife have no children—they can't afford it. Preparation for Christmas dinner begins the day before, when the wife goes marketing. She buys the turkey that looks best to her among those hanging with their heads down in the refrigerated butcher shop. Has she ever seen the pride that is a live turkey? Probably not. A turkey to her is a naked bird hanging ignominiously by its big feet. She moves on to a grocery store, where she buys cranberry sauce, very good, three cans for a quarter. She buys, at last, a mince pie and, since she'll be very busy the next day, a loaf of bread that is already sliced. She has in her kitchenette at the end of the afternoon what the farmer accumulates between June and Christmas. What does the dinner mean to the clerk and his wife? It means only so much money spent. They have earned their living, too, but the phrase has lost its original meaning. They live on money, in effect they eat money—which is hatched from other money. At least so it is reported, though nobody, so far as the Drifter knows, ever saw a dollar hatch a little dollar. The work back on the farm goes on, of course, in some form or other. But the broker's clerk, instead of doing it himself, works eight hours in an office building in order to pay for having it done. He pays high, too. There are a lot of well-fed men between him and the farmer who must get theirs.

* * * * *

UNDOUBTEDLY, the broker's clerk would laugh at the farmer in Wyoming, would shudder at the thought of the hard work he has to do. The farmer would envy the clerk with his warm house, his radio, and the conveniences no one would care to be without. The Drifter does not presume to say which is better off. He can only say that he would rather spend Christmas with the farmer than with the broker's clerk.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

What About Russia?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your unemployment program is fifty years or more ahead of anything coming from high official sources, and I believe it would abolish unemployment. But that is not enough to meet the new conditions.

Russia has no unemployment problem now. But what will Russia do in a few years from now, when it is able to produce a surplus? It will improve the standard of living for all its people until consumption keeps pace with production—or until all have everything they want. If it must curtail production it will do so by reducing working hours, not by throwing part of the workers out of a job. Russia will act thus because it is the reasonable way to deal with overproduction, and because it is consistent with Communist ideas and with Soviet Russia's actions in the past.

This will bring into world economics a new kind of competition, competition between two economic systems, to decide which can provide the best standard of living for its people.

Most of the European nations are overloaded with debts and armaments, hemmed in on all sides with tariff barriers, and hog-tied with politics and diplomacy. They are in poor shape to race for the highest standard of living. The United States, without debt, with a comparatively light burden of armaments, all the raw material needed, and an abundant food supply, should be far in the lead in this race for years to come. American workers have at present more of the necessaries and luxuries than the Russians have. We also have unemployment problems and economic insecurity. How far are we ahead? And how long can we keep the lead?

All the purely material advantages are on our side, but our statesmen are living in the past; they are only dimly aware of the struggle between economic systems. The best they know is to borrow charity from the dark ages and call it a cure for unemployment, and try to check Russia's advance by legislating against "Russian convict-made goods."

Soviet Russia is fully aware of the struggle, knows what it is about, and what it must do to win. And Russia has the fresh vitality of youth.

Portland, Ore., December 20 B. E. NILSSON

Unemployment Insurance

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Henry Raymond Mussey's criticism of unemployment-insurance schemes on the ground that they have a tendency to deaden efforts to reduce unemployment may be justified so far as the British scheme is concerned, but it has no application to the bills for unemployment insurance introduced by the Socialist Party during the last two years in the Connecticut and Massachusetts State legislatures.

These bills treat unemployment insurance roughly in the same way that workmen's-compensation laws treat industrial accidents. That is, they put on the employers the duty to pay out-of-work allowances to men whom they lay off or discharge, and then require the employers to insure against that liability. The unemployment-insurance board charged with the administration of the law is directed to make different rates of premiums for different industries in proportion to the amount of unemployment in each industry. In addition, provision is made for a system of charges and credits on the premiums paid

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by individual employers according as their unemployment experience is markedly worse or markedly better than the average for their industry as a whole.

In this way a direct financial incentive is offered to each employer to reduce unemployment in his industry and in his particular shop or factory to a minimum.

Cambridge, Mass., December 20 ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

Talk Turkey

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial in your issue of December 10 entitled An Unemployment Program we have a fine example of *lucus a non lucendo*. The piece concludes: "If we do not want communism, let us abolish unemployment." Well, what then? By so doing we would put a quietus on the scheme to confiscate all private wealth. That strikes one as a safe and sane proposal. But does *The Nation* not realize that it unceasingly advocates the confiscation of a great part of private wealth in its doctrine of taxation according to ability to pay? Would *The Nation* turn face about and seek to prohibit *all* confiscation of private wealth? One finds no evidence of such an impulse. And yet *The Nation* must realize that the only way to stop the scourge of unemployment is to make it possible for the laborer to employ himself, if need be, so as to avoid the "squeeze" stations of industrialism. How?

1. By nation-wide socialization of land rents.
2. By the concurrent disappearance of interest.
3. By the abolition of all taxes.

If *The Nation* really wishes to stave off the threat of communism, why does it not "talk turkey" while there is yet time?

Fairhope, Ala., December 12 E. WYE

Judge Lindsey Was Right

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial remarks about the controversy between Bishop Manning and Judge Ben B. Lindsey it seems to me that you take the wrong position as to the decorum and judgment evinced by the Judge.

I cannot agree with your expressed opinion that "Mr. Lindsey hurt his cause by his own ill-timed response." Hurt his cause? In the eyes of those who shouted "he ought to be lynched"? I for one—and I am sure that I am voicing the opinion of thousands of others—have the most profound admiration for Judge Lindsey for his courage in daring to challenge the Bishop on the spot, right before his own congregation.

It is your opinion that "he would have done better to await the exoneration which time would speedily have afforded him," but in this I differ with you. It is my opinion that men like Bishop Manning make their attacks secure in the knowledge that no one will dare impugn their statements right before their auditors, and that once they are shown that they cannot attack a person or an idea without being called to account or without giving the attacked an opportunity to exonerate himself, they will be constrained to abandon this dastardly practice, or, at least, limit it to the utmost. The refusal on the part of the Bishop to allow Judge Lindsey to take the pulpit in his own defense amply bears out my contention.

When an arrogant, swashbuckling sky pilot turns literary critic he ought to be put in his place, and the most propitious time and place for it is any time and any place.

New York, December 17 E. J. OSTROW

Afterthoughts of Calvin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his daily article of July 5 former President Coolidge said: "With the direct primaries in most States and the popular election of Senators, the present perversion of legislation is unavoidable." In his article of July 14 he said: "The Congress will cease from troubling for a period of five months." But in his inaugural address he said of Congress: "In spite of all the criticism which often falls to its lot, I do not hesitate to say that there is no more independent and effective legislative body in the world."

On November 27 Mr. Coolidge said: "If at any time our rewards have seemed meager, we shall find our justification for Thanksgiving by carefully comparing what we have with what we deserve." He referred to the American nation of today as "far less deserving than the Pilgrims." But in his last annual message to Congress, two years ago, he refrained from suggesting that America was not in every way "deserving." He said in the message: "The main source of these unexampled blessings lies in the integrity and character of the American people. They have had great faith, which they have supplemented with mighty works." Just why were we so deserving in 1928 and so much less deserving in 1930?

Worcester, Mass., December 20 MYRON M. JOHNSON

Hooked Rugs for Relief

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are many families in Marion, North Carolina, who since the strike have not been able to find work. These families are badly in need of food and clothes. With the coming of winter and the school season the need is increased.

In order to help buy the things most needed some of the strikers are making hooked rugs. We want a market for these rugs, and would be very glad to send them to any central labor union, any group of people, or any one person who could dispose of one or more of them for us.

Some of the rugs are decorated with scenes from the mountains and the surrounding country and are very beautiful. Prices range from $3 to $15 according to size. You can gladden the hearts of these workers by ordering one or more rugs at this time. Correspondence should be addressed to me, Box 634, Marion.

Marion, N. C., December 20 GRACE ELLIOTT

Material on G. B. S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having contracted with American and English publishers to write the biography of George Bernard Shaw, I don't want people saying later when it is published, "But you should have put in my story of Shaw," or "Why did you leave out this post card I got from him?" So I am hereby warning all such critics to send me their stories, quips, inscriptions, autographs, photographs, post cards, letters, telegrams, cables, and interviews now, or forever hold their peace. Any such material should be sent to me, care of Simon and Schuster, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, or at 9 rue de la Buffa, Nice, France. After it has been copied it will be returned to its owners promptly and with thanks.

Nice, December 1 FRANK HARRIS

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Books, Drama, Films

Graves in China

By LEONORA SPEYER

The fields hold dear each dusty mound;
The plowman goes
Patient among the rows
Of fresh-turned ground.

The greening ruts run straight until,
Blocking the way
This many a night and day,
Stands the meek hill.

Stands and will stand! Though sprouting seed
Claims April earth
For its imperative birth,
And for man's need.

Here halts the plow (the field is wide
Or narrow), the foot
Turns, and the reverent rut,
To either side.

Spring on the land—and in one bed,
Under one cover,
Contented lover and lover,
The living and the dead.

Dollar Books: An Autopsy

THE dollar book, ushered in but a few months ago with banners and trumpets, is already dead. Only one publisher, apparently, will continue to put out new volumes at the dollar price, and even these will be confined mainly to lighter fiction. The revolution is over.

But it would be highly unfortunate for the book business if the conclusion were generally drawn that any attempt to reduce prices was doomed to failure. On the contrary, it may yet be found that some reduction in the price of books is inevitable. There are reasons for believing that the present world-wide drop in raw-material prices may reflect not merely one year's depression, but the final phase (in so far as any movement of prices may be called final) of the post-war readjustment. If we merely look back at the course of prices after the Napoleonic Wars or our own Civil War we can see that it required not merely one or two years, but a decade or so to bring prices back approximately to pre-war levels. All this may seem a far-fetched digression; but if at least a substantial part of the recent price collapse represents a permanent post-war decline, retail-price adjustments are certain to follow—as of course they already have to some extent—and it would be strange if books proved an exception.

The dollar book, it seems to me, was a failure not because a cut in price was unsound in tendency, but because this particular cut was far too sudden and drastic. At the time the cut was made it appeared that it might enable us to see just how "elastic" the demand for books was—i. e., to what extent sales of books might increase as prices were reduced—but what actually happened was hardly a fair test of this, chiefly, I believe, because it did not allow for the time element. There is a tremendous inertia in buying habits; they cannot be radically altered in a few months.

Here the publishers might profitably take a hint from the automobile makers. The prices of automobiles are now considerably less than half of what they used to be, but no automobile company announced overnight that the price of its cars had been cut from $3,000 to $1,500. Its managers would have seen at once the foolhardiness of expecting sales immediately to expand enough to offset such a price reduction. What the companies did, instead, was to make small tentative reductions of not more than 10 per cent or so at a time, and then, *when the market had proved that it could expand, and had had time to do so,* further cuts. Over a period of years sales multiplied as prices came down. It is doubtless true that the same economics do not entirely apply to the book business. Each book is a unique thing, or ought to be; at least it is more difficult to persuade a buyer to substitute one book for another because of a small difference in price than it is to persuade him to buy one motor car instead of another for the same reason. And it is difficult to say how much difference a reduction in price of as little as twenty-five cents would make in the sale of any individual book. But it seems to me probable that a general reduction of twenty-five cents would make a real difference in the sale of books in the mass. At least this type of gradual and orderly reduction might be worth trying.

The danger is that the failure of the dollar book may discourage publishing enterprise on its commercial side just at the time when it needs most to be stimulated. The recent proposal, for example, that at least certain types of popular books carry advertisements seems to me worth serious consideration. It is essentially no more undignified for books to carry advertisements than for *Harper's* or the *Atlantic Monthly* to do so, and if we followed the French practice of printing fiction originally in paper covers, it would be a very simple matter to lop off the advertisements when the reader found anything worthy of a permanent binding. Such a proposal may be denounced on the ground that it tends to "commercialize" the book business, but perhaps the real trouble is that the book business has not been commercialized enough. There is a great deal of confusion of thought on this point. It is the commercialization of *authors* that is to be feared, and the commercialization of publishers in the kind of books they choose, not the commercialization of marketing methods. All that is required of the latter is that they be honest, efficient, and sound in the long run.

Even the most efficient marketing methods, of course, will not increase book sales to more than a limited extent. For the rest, the publishers must hope for an advance, necessarily slow, in the level of the national culture, and an increase of the book-reading habit in the teeth of the

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whole restless modern spirit and the intense competition of the newspapers, the magazines, the theater, the talkies, the radio, motoring, dancing, bridge, ping-pong, golf, and love. It does not seem a rosy prospect; but as book reading, in spite of tremendous odds, *has* survived, it cannot be altogether utopian to suppose that it may in time increase.

HENRY HAZLITT

Shakespeare as He Was

William Shakespeare. A Study of Facts and Problems. By E. K. Chambers. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. $15.

The Wheel of Fire. Essays in Interpretation of Shakespeare's Sombre Tragedies. By G. Wilson Knight. Oxford University Press. $5.

DIFFERENT as these two books certainly are from each other, they nevertheless unite in saying a single thing—namely, that Shakespeare stands very much where he stood three hundred, two hundred, one hundred years ago. Latterly we have been hearing otherwise. We have been disturbed by rumors of revolutions in the scholarship and criticism of our best poet and our best playwright. We have been told that as soon as certain investigations were done we should have on our hands merely the mangled text of a badly mangled man—a man whose originality had been overrated and the body of whose work had been too naively accepted as authentic, integral, and complete. Both of these books return, or advance, to a conservative position. The first, a work of pure and solid learning, defends the traditional text of Shakespeare against the forces of twentieth-century higher criticism, against the forces of disintegration. The second, a work of pure and brilliant intuition, defends the plays against the notion that they should be taken at anything less or more than their supreme face value. The importance and the timeliness of neither book can be exaggerated.

Sir Edmund Chambers, whose six long volumes on "The Medieval Stage" and "The Elizabethan Stage" have established him as one of the great scholars of contemporary England, and who writes with a kind of towering common sense, not to speak of an almost unsurpassable dryness, now takes up the figure for whom his previous work was intended merely to supply a background. He treats the theater, the biography, and the text of Shakespeare; and he is not at all ashamed to confess in his preface that his conclusions "do not differ essentially from those which have long formed part of the critical tradition." He cannot find, and he freely admits it, that "revolutionary results really emerge from the closer examination of contemporary plays, or of theatrical conditions, or of the psychology of misprints." His bibliographies, if nothing else, are convincing evidence that he has studied all of the so-called Shakespeare problems with extreme care; indeed, his book is in a sense one long bibliographical introduction to those problems, a work of reference about them; but he leaves Shakespeare substantially as he was.

I have called him dry; I must hasten to say that his dryness is usually delightful, and his best weapon against the folly which most men commit when they deal with Shakespeare. The biographical portions of his book, for instance, bristle with innuendoes against those "gifted writers" who pretend to know anything important about Shakespeare's life. Sir Edmund knows so much that he realizes how little there is to know; nor will he indulge in "imaginative reconstruction." Not that he is uncritically hostile toward every part of the Shakespeare legend. He does not find it sensible to dismiss the deer-stealing story without some admission that it may have been possible, or rather that we cannot deny its possibility; and he has to disagree with Sir Sidney Lee's harsh judgment upon a seventeenth-century clergyman, Richard Davies, who said that the poet died a Papist—"How," he asks, "did Sir Sidney know that Davies was irresponsible or a gossip?" So in the chapters on Shakespeare's theater, where he is so incontestably an expert. Professor T. W. Baldwin's "ingenious speculations" as to the relation between the plays and the actors in Shakespeare's company for whom they presumably were written are "vitiated by a misconception as to the nature of theatrical apprenticeship, by a chronology which I believe to be erroneous, and still more perhaps by the complete absence of any data adequate to support so elaborate a superstructure." The dryness there is in the word "perhaps."

So also in the chapters on the text. Here Sir Edmund is in the very thick of controversy, since there are able men who say that the reconstructed text which has come down to us does not faithfully represent Shakespeare's work as he left it; that he was not the sole author of many of the plays; that he altered and rewrote, and that it is difficult now to disentangle the successive versions from one another. It would be out of the question to attempt even an outline of Sir Edmund's arguments, which among other things extend through three hundred closely printed pages of analysis of the plays and poems one by one. It may be noted, however, that he categorically condemns the work of J. M. Robertson on the Shakespeare canon, remarking as he passes that Mr. Robertson "has all the arts of the debater except perhaps that of lucidity." And this final conviction must be recorded: "that the great majority of the plays are Shakespeare's from beginning to end, and that, broadly speaking, when he had once written them, he left them alone."

I have emphasized the controversial aspects of Sir Edmund's book at the expense of other aspects which make it equally valuable. It is a mountain of documents, a vast work of reference. As such, and as a contribution to controversy too, it seems to me the one indispensable book on Shakespeare at the present moment.

Mr. Knight, whose book among other merits possesses that of being introduced by T. S. Eliot, might be said to begin with his commentary where Sir Edmund with his scholarship necessarily leaves off. Sir Edmund has nothing to say about Shakespeare's poetry and drama as such; he only lets us have them again where we once had them—in the standard editions. Mr. Knight has nothing to say about anything else. His are essays in "interpretation"—which, since he scrupulously defines the term, means something quite definite at last. It does not mean, for instance, criticism, the important function of which is to objectify the work under discussion, compare it with other works, and divide its good from its bad. "Interpretation, on the contrary, tends to merge into the work it analyzes; it attempts to understand its subject in the light of its own nature; it avoids discussion of merits. . . . Uncritically, and passively, it receives the whole of the poet's vision; it then proceeds to reexpress this experience in its own terms." It approaches success only when, "preserving something of that childlike faith which we possess, or should possess, in the theater," we remember the original imaginative experience we had as we read or saw the play, and when we now make an effort to state the whole of that experience. Shakespeare's plays, so treated, are in Mr. Knight's opinion without faults, having "so resplendent a quality, so massive a solidity of imagination," that criticism can do nothing with them.

It is refreshing to hear an intelligent man talking this way about Shakespeare nowadays. Not that he represents a return to the uncritical attitude of which we all are tired. He simply is non-critical, which for a person of disciplined imagination is by no means a bad thing to be. Indeed, in the essays which com-

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pose his book and which illustrate his method Mr. Knight says much that is illuminating and convincing, and adds something at last to the commentary of Coleridge, Hazlitt, and A. C. Bradley. Nor is it easy to do this. If anyone thinks so, let him read this book; or let him try himself.

MARK VAN DOREN

T. S. Eliot's Baudelaire

Intimate Journals. By Charles Baudelaire. Translated by Charles Isherwood. Introduction by T. S. Eliot. Random House. $6.50.

IN an essay in "For Lancelot Andrewes" T. S. Eliot maintains that Arthur Symons's translation of Baudelaire's work changes him into a Swinburnian decadent of the nineties. That the criticism is just, anyone who has examined the Symons version will grant. But, as Eliot admits, there are certain elements in Baudelaire's poetry that warrant Symons's treatment of him as a kind of superior Ernest Dowson. Eliot, however, insists—and quite rightly—that Symons is unsound in reducing Baudelaire to these elements. What Symons and Baudelaire have in common may be the better part of Symons, but it is a very small part of Baudelaire.

Eliot goes on in the essay mentioned to expound his conception of Baudelaire, and in his preface to the "Intimate Journals" he returns to the task. Baudelaire's Satanism, he says, "amounts to a dim intuition of a part, but a very important part, of Christianity." His ennui is "a true form of *acedia,* arising from the unsuccessful struggle toward the Christian life." "In the middle nineteenth century . . . an age of progressive degradation, Baudelaire perceived that what really matters is Sin and Redemption." That, according to Eliot, is Baudelaire's true importance.

It must at once be admitted that there is much evidence to support Eliot's view of Baudelaire as "*naturaliter* Christian," and some of the strongest evidence is in the "Intimate Journals." The three parts of the book are Squibs and Crackers, My Heart Laid Bare, and A Selection of Consoling Maxims upon Love. Of course many of the observations they contain might be used to defend other theses. Mr. Symons, for example, could easily discover passages that might have served as mottoes for the naughty nineties; Huneker could have drawn upon the book to show that Baudelaire was, as he maintained, superman and egoist; the psychoanalysts will find it useful in their interpretations. But there are also those passages that Mr. Eliot seizes upon, passages that show Baudelaire's preoccupation with sin, his scorn for the diffuse and maudlin religiosity of the age, his desire to pray despite his unbelief, and his growing humility in his later years.

It is easy to see why Eliot emphasizes those particular passages. He has committed himself to certain theological dogmas, among them the dogma of original sin. But it is doubtful if Eliot has any strong, immediate sense of original sin. Judged by his poetry, he has a strong sense of ennui, frustration, and purposelessness, but he has no more conviction of sin than H. G. Wells. Therefore, he rejoices in Baudelaire, who did have an extraordinary ability to realize, intensely and immediately, his unworthiness. By communicating, as the poet can do, something of his own conviction Baudelaire gives Eliot's theological system a reality and vitality that he himself is powerless to impart to it.

We can see the service Baudelaire renders Eliot, but we do not necessarily conclude therefore that Baudelaire's importance derives from his ability to perform that service. On the contrary, we may maintain that Eliot's conception of Baudelaire underestimates the poet's significance, and is, in its way, quite as narrow as Symons's. Eliot rightly emphasizes Baudelaire's independence and experimentalism—"what he knew he found out for himself." But as he sees it, the only result was that Baudelaire was led back into the fold. Eliot holds that Baudelaire had an immediate, a thoroughly poetic sense of the evil in the world and in himself, but was powerless to confront that evil. To meet it he had to take refuge in the church. The real significance of Baudelaire, on the contrary, is that he *was* able to confront the evil he so vividly perceived. Reading one of his poems, firm line by firm line, one sees that the poem is the act of confrontation and mastery. Viewed in such a light, his occasional use of ecclesiastical language is but an accident of education. In each of his great poems Baudelaire demonstrates that he is, in Yvor Winters's phrase, "morally superior to the facts of life." To say less is, certainly, to belittle him.

GRANVILLE HICKS

About China

The Inner History of the Chinese Revolution. By Tang Leang-Li. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

The Spirit of the Chinese Revolution. By Arthur N. Holcombe. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

History of Chinese Political Thought During the Early Tsin Period. By Liang Chi-Chao. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

The Bitter Tea of General Yen. By Grace Zaring Stone. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

The Old China Trade. By Foster Rhea Dulles. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

Three Wise Men of the East. By Elizabeth Bisland. University of North Carolina Press. $3.

IN the last few years there has been a significant difference in books about China from those written in the past. By its long revolution and civil war conducted with modern armament, by troubling our foreign offices and unbalancing the Pacific trade, China has achieved "importance" in a sense that it had not before achieved it by what used to be called its "spiritual" contributions. From now on China is to be assimilated to our own standards of values; it is to be thought of not as a producer of art but as a producer of political and economic disturbance. In Chiang Kai-shek it may soon offer a great man in the Mussolini-Pilsudski mode.

This change is not only one that has taken place in Western minds, but one that is taking place in Chinese minds. Racial consciousness is giving way to national consciousness, to that dismal sense of boundaries which perhaps may be nothing more exalted than the sense of property extended into social consciousness. Probably it was necessary to develop this feeling as a kind of psychological armament, to protect China against a slave consciousness that would have been worse. But there is no question that the result has been a degradation.

The story of China's revolution is too confused as yet to be arranged into a straightforward narrative, and Tang Leang-Li is too close to the events and chief personalities to do the arranging, although his important and valuable book, "The Inner History of the Chinese Revolution," presents much of the material that will go into the final arrangement. He has been an official of the Kuomintang Party, and is one of the leaders of the elements which have repudiated Chiang Kai-shek's packed congresses and hold themselves to be the legitimate successors of Sun Yat-sen. His point of view is definitely partisan in the recital of the latest acts of the revolution, but it is as definitely honest. In his account of the revolution I

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was particularly struck by one force in the revolution which has always been a force in Chinese life, and which may help us to understand why the revolution has taken so tortuous and tedious a course. I refer to the compromises which have been made from the beginning, and which have certainly delayed its settlement. The first was Sun Yat-sen's compromise with Yuan Shi-kai; later he entered into alliance with Chang Tso-lin and other anti-revolutionary elements. No one impugns Sun Yat-sen's motives, or his intelligence, nor should the compromises of Feng and other Chinese leaders, particularly the Kuomintang's compromise with Russia and the native Communists, be too readily discredited. The Chinese are not perfectionists; their justice has been always based on compromise rather than on ideal right; and while the operation of this racial characteristic may retard a final settlement, it may produce one not so embittered and humiliating as the decisive outcomes in Western history. What seems weakness or opportunism to us seems in China to be reasonable procedure, and we must remember that our concepts of right and wrong are largely the products of tradition. If compromise seems to the Chinese a virtue, then we may be satisfied that it is a virtue. Mr. Leang-Li nowhere says this explicitly, nor, do I think, does he intend to give it implicit recognition. It is implicit rather in the facts themselves.

Professor Holcombe, whose recently published "History of the Chinese Revolution" was comprehensive and carefully balanced, does not particularly succeed in his attempt to give a short account, for the general public, in "The Spirit of the Chinese Revolution." This little book, about a fourth as long as its predecessor, amounts to a much smaller fraction in comparative value. It is divided into a number of sections called The Spirit of Nationalism, The Spirit of Christianity, The Spirit of Communism, The Spirit of Science, etc. It would have been more correct to use the word "influence" instead of "spirit." His popularization suffers, like others of its kind, by attempting to substitute generalizations for the facts which alone can give reality to the generalizations. While this book may be useful to readers who want to learn a little but are unwilling to take much trouble about it, its highest use will be to lead some readers to the author's previous book.

"The History of Chinese Political Thought During the Early Tsin Period" is valuable as an introduction to fine Chinese thinking in ancient times and, in the commentary of the author, to fine Chinese thinking in our own time. Liang Chi-Chao, whose recent death was a great loss to the Chinese intellectual world, has had an honorable, if apparently ineffective career, in recent Chinese history. His influence on Chinese youth, exerted partly by superb literary gifts, was very great. And it was by his inspiration that the opposition to Yuan Shi-kai's attempt to destroy the revolution and found a new dynasty took successful action. Along with an interesting critical survey of China's greatest political philosophers, Confucius, Mencius, Mo Ti, Lao Tse, Chuang Tse, and the Legalists, or advocates of divine right in government, he makes subtle and interesting comparisons with Western institutions and history. Here, however, in spite of the cultivation and tolerance of his mind, he gives way to occasional patriotic bias; and in his admiration of the great men he studies he falls into the usual and perhaps forgivable error of claiming too much for them. The Confucian ideal of the superior (not the *perfect*) man and his responsibilities of social and political leadership has rarely been so successfully stated before.

"The Bitter Tea of General Yen" is a distinguished and fascinating novel. I have seen claims made for it that it is worth a dozen serious books on China in its illumination of Chinese life. This is a different sort of praise than the book merits, fine as it is, and sensitive and acute as its author, Miss Grace Zaring Stone, is. It is rather a remarkable picture of white people in China, and wherever Miss Stone deals with them she is extraordinarily effective. The central situation, however, the encounter of an intelligent American girl with General Yen, model Tupan of a province, reveals little more than a sincere and humble desire to understand the nature of the Chinese mind and the civilization it has erected. The cultured, brilliant, cynical General Yen is neither the essence of Chinese manhood nor is his situation the essence of current Chinese politics. So far as it will lead to respect for Chinese personality and methods, which are so fatally easy for even sympathetic Westerners to misunderstand, this somewhat romanticized situation will be of service. Its greatest achievement, however, both as fiction and as revelation, is its studies of the whites. No malice could have done worse to their pretensions; but Miss Stone does not annihilate; we merely understand them as well as we do our own relatives, and can do as little about them.

"The Old China Trade" recalls an extraordinary episode of American expansion. By a patient and methodical use of his material Mr. Dulles, without any brilliance of style or devices of narration, makes of it a continuously absorbing book. The close of the American Revolution left a great mass of privateers idle in the Northern harbors. How were these to be employed? The financier Robert Morris set the example by outfitting a ship, the Empress of China, for the Oriental trade. Thus by maritime pioneering the North Atlantic States tapped a source of wealth that financed the industries of New York and New England and provided the leisure and well-being for the golden day of New England civilization. The Americans at the beginning sailed in ships smaller sometimes than the caravels of Columbus; they sailed without nautical instruments and with the crudest of charts; most of the crews were boys; yet they accomplished historical voyages, and in their efforts to find furs to exchange for Chinese goods they opened up the American northwest coast and made important Arctic discoveries. Mr. Dulles's account of trade and diplomatic relations with China in the early nineteenth century is a superb piece of historical writing.

With Miss Bisland's "Three Wise Men of the East" we return to the old picturesque school of books about the Orient, mixed up with modern feminist sentiment. Her Three Wise Men are three rulers. The first is Shah Jan, whom she calls the "great lover" because, so far as is known, he loved only one woman. With a grand gesture Miss Bisland sets aside the evidence of history and establishes him as the greatest of Mogul emperors and one of the greatest men in all history. Thus, uxoriousness is turned into a measure of greatness. Miss Bisland's treatment of Chien Lung, the "magnificent emperor," and Hideyoshi, the "fascinating parvenu," is equally capricious and as preposterously mistaken in placing them in Chinese and Japanese history. The book is written with a lavish vocabulary full of jewels and fairy palaces and Oriental wonder. But there is only one wonderful thing about it—that a university press should have lent its imprint to a book lacking any justification in scholarship or literary merit.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

"Our Chief of Men"

Cromwell. By Eucardio Momigliano. Translated by L. E. Marshall. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

EUCARDIO MOMIGLIANO'S study of the Lord Protector possesses the characteristics that justify a new book on the subject: it is objective, and it offers both new information and confirmation of important facts. Wherever the

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author sets forth an unusual or particularly significant event in Cromwell's career he bases his assertions on the unpartisan contemporary records transmitted to their home governments by Italian diplomats then accredited to London. The most valuable material comes from the letters addressed to the Councilors of Genoa by Francesco Bernardi, Genoese chargé d'affaires at London, who enjoyed unusual intimacy with the Protector, but who, nevertheless, viewed current affairs without passion. In these documents other accounts, English in origin and therefore prone to bias, depicting Cromwell's *de facto* assumption of the place from which he had helped to expel Charles, and his perverse and obstinate ambition, receive definite authentication. In addition much light is shed on Cromwell's desire to become emperor of a pan-European confederation of Protestant peoples.

In order that the book in its totality might attain the excellence of some of its parts, however, it should be either shorter or longer. A shorter book might have consisted only of annotated texts of a larger number of the letters, since the author indicates that many remain unedited though not inaccessible. Such a volume would be a valuable source book for creative writers who might later undertake a full-length biography of Cromwell. On the other hand, in a longer book, the author himself might have undertaken such a study of Cromwell in relation to his times. He is so pressed for space that his sketchy —and occasionally inaccurate—summary of the Puritan revolution fails to reach the roots of the whole complex growth. The beginnings of the struggle obviously go back to the days of Henry VIII and less patently, though none the less surely, to the reign of Edward II. The priest of Lutterworth and the monk of Wittenberg have their share in the ancestry of Cromwell, the elect of God, as well as the legalistic theologian of Geneva. The Protector's overwhelming worldly success as a soldier may have seemed to him the seal of divine approval and hence the honest self-justification of his supreme and single power. A longer book, based on such clear testimony as Mr. Momigliano presents, could have investigated these dark caverns of the spirit with perhaps startling results.

Despite the questionable basis of its construction and the frequently cumbersome style in which it is written—or translated—the book as a whole constitutes an important addition to Cromwell literature. DONALD A. ROBERTS

Lynn Riggs as Poet

The Iron Dish. By Lynn Riggs. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

THE surfaces of Lynn Riggs's poetry are clean and cool. One derives casual pleasure from the graceful gestures of his particular lyric gift. He has, however, given us little more than his quick, intelligent grasp of external design. It is not often that we find him committing himself beyond the expression of purely decorative effects. On occasions when he does cross the lines of his self-imposed limitations he is clear and vivid. Note this brief commentary:

We will need even these stumps of cedar,
The harsh fruit of the land.
Our thirst will have to be slaked, if at all, by this thin
Water on the sand.
If we have demanded this corrosive season
Of drought, if we have bent
Backward from the plow, asking
Even less than is sent,
Surely we may be no bitterer
Than the shrunk grape
Clinging to the wasted stem
It cannot escape.

The mood of resignation indicated throughout the volume is shown here in its last analysis and with quiet distinction. The counterpoint to this mood is a delight in sharp, hard sunlight such as may be found upon "a pink dress, a blue wagon . . . in the road . . ." all expressed in the simplest of terms and with potentialities for precision. Perhaps it is irrelevant to wish that Mr. Riggs had combined his knowledge of American Southwestern speech displayed in "Roadside" with the formal economy that distinguishes the poems in "The Iron Dish." He has made the poet and the dramatist two distinct and separate personalities. An indication of what may be accomplished in the fusion of the two is shown in a poem called Santo Domingo Corn Dance. The poem is a neat and highly original interpretation of an Indian motif. Here is a selection that illustrates Mr. Riggs's ability in handling the theme:

THE SONG OF THE BODIES

I am
Naked before
You, High One—look! Hear me!
As I stamp this ground worn smooth
By feet.
Not as
A supplicant
I shake the doors of earth—
Let the green corn spring to meet
My tread!

Mr. Riggs's promise seems to lie in a direction away from the florid and strikingly poetic phrase; it finds its best expression in the clean-cut image and in an austere economy of words. HORACE GREGORY

Books in Brief

Willa Cather. By René Rapin. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.50.

Mr. Rapin's study of Willa Cather, in the Modern American Writers' series, is a very small contribution to criticism. Perhaps it was not the intent of the book to give more than the hastiest judgment of the subject's worth. But it should be possible to indicate, at least, why "The Professor's House," "One of Ours," "Death Comes for the Archbishop" are "truly to be called great." Those are big words; they may be applicable to the excellent work of Willa Cather. But of her experimentation with the form of the novel, of the actual quality of her style, there is nothing in this book. Instead, we get beautiful writing and extreme, adjectival gush.

Little America. By Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

That romantic land, the south end of the world, which has called so many men for adventure and exploration and heroism, is once more described, this time by Admiral Byrd. On the whole the Admiral is content to tell a straightforward, unadorned tale of what his expedition did, ate, wore, said, and planned during the two years they spent in the Antarctic. He answers nearly every question that might be asked about equipment and occupation; he tells in detail the scrupulous plans made for the flight over the South Pole, for the supporting parties that had of necessity to reinforce the fliers in case of accident—though happily they were not needed; he describes the flight itself, and perhaps most interesting of all the occupations of the party during the winter months when they were snowbound in camp. Admiral Byrd labored under two disadvantages in writing his book. A masterpiece on the same subject had just been issued for the American public—Apsley

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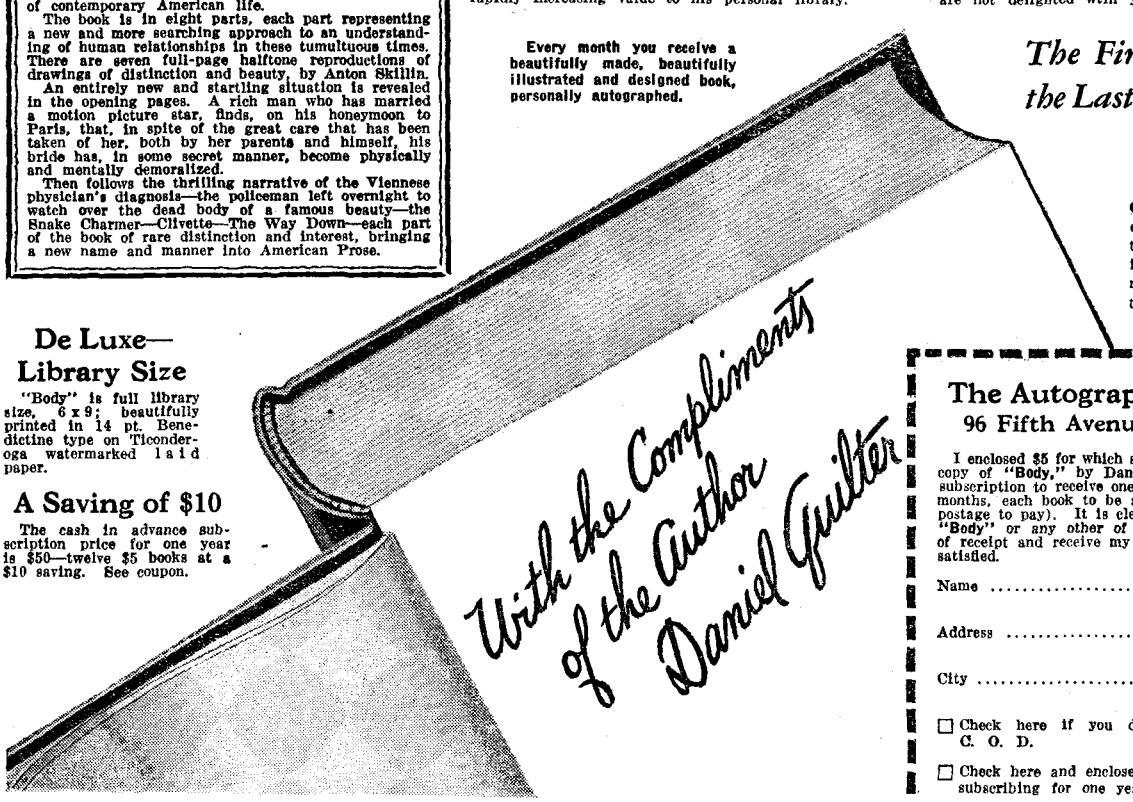

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Cherry-Garrod's "The Worst Journey in the World." And the Byrd expedition all came home alive! Had there been one or two martyrs to science, it is not unlikely that the expedition would have been more popular. This, of course, is preposterous and unjust. As Admiral Byrd himself says, their job was not to make heroes of themselves but to avoid that very thing. If they could, they must sheer away from every pitfall which had brought the Scott expedition to its disastrous and painful—if dramatic—end. Nevertheless, the account of how the expedition stayed alive makes fascinating reading. The illustrations add much to the text.

Sexual Life in Ancient India. By Johann Meyer. E. P. Dutton and Company. Two volumes. $10.50.

In their cautious acceptance of birth control Western authorities, political and religious, acknowledge every justification for it except pleasure. Whatever other value Dr. Meyer's volumes have, they are useful in showing that civilizations can exist and flourish without our own abject fear of sex. In India its pleasures are esteemed and are even regarded as the rewards of asceticism. Aside from this sheerly incidental revelation, Dr. Meyer's work has little to offer. It is a dreary edifice of pedantry, where such recherché facts as that children were desired and motherhood respected in Ancient India have to be established by endless citations and references in classic literature and the work of other scholars.

Drama

W. C. Fields and the Cosmos

TO me this seems a year in which the musical comedies distinctly show the way to so-called legitimate attractions. My quarrel with that word "legitimate" is deep and of long standing. I have never been able to understand why entertainment becomes more important simply because no one sings. In recent years I begin to sense a new point of view among critics. When I held a reviewer's post on a morning paper, it was practically treason not to choose a comedy or a farce if it happened to open on the same night as a musical show. Now there are heretics who abandon the old principle. It would be folly to do otherwise.

For instance, there came a night not so long ago in which the choice lay between W. C. Fields in "Ballyhoo" at Hammerstein's Theater and a comedy drama entitled "Life Is Like That." Some few of the pundits insisted on being faithful to the memory of Shakespeare and passed up Mr. Fields to witness "Life Is Like That." The loss was theirs. I found Fields to be at the very top of his glorious best, and I liked the story in which he is set.

A satire on C. C. Pyle, the sporting promoter, has long seemed one of the neglected spaces in the American drama. I will not maintain that the plot runs down all the possibilities of the subject matter. But, at least, the scheme endows Fields with a role in which he is believable as well as amusing.

It is well to remember that a performance in musical comedy is a piece of acting just as a portrayal of Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark, may be. I will grant that there are depths and subtleties in Hamlet not likely to be found in the usual revue. On the other hand, low comedy parts are vastly better played in most instances. I do not see why any sensitive connoisseur of acting should not vastly prefer W. C. Fields to Walter Hampden. A good comic moves in a plane high above the head of an indifferent tragedian. It might be an excellent idea for the American public to pause in its continual program

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of self-reproach and take a little pride in the fact that we lead the world in the matter of musical comedy.

"Ballyhoo" is not a perfect specimen, but it is amply excellent to provide a hilarious evening. Several of the regular critics found it dull, but I think they are too captious, and to some extent it is the custom to remain slightly aloof and calm while writing about revues.

Much is made of the fact that Mr. Fields does things now which he has shown us previously. This seems to me an ungrateful form of criticism. The fact that he can produce endless fun by capers in an Austin car should not be minimized simply because some seasons ago he did tricks with a Ford. And I feel that one of the high spots in the present theatrical year has been underlined in red because W. C. Fields is juggling again.

I am of the opinion that in this diversion the man falls little short of genius. You may protest that juggling does not belong among the major arts. Such an opinion will be held only by those who have witnessed merely the proficient practitioners. Fields is, as far as I know, the only one who is able to introduce the tragic note in the handling of a dozen cigar boxes. When they are pyramided, only to crash because of a sudden off-stage noise, my heart goes out to the protagonist as it seldom does to Lear or Macbeth.

If one thinks of art in terms of line and movement, then I suggest that there is present in this juggling act as much to please the eye as when Pavlowa dances. Like the best of modern painters, Fields can afford to depart from the orthodox, because he is heretical from choice and not through incapacity. I mean, it is amusing when he muffs a trick because you know that he could easily complete it if he cared to. Certainly, there is something admirable in the ability to emotionalize the task of tossing spheres into the air and catching them in rhythm. Possibly there is even profundity in such a pastime.

Mr. Fields at play among the planets suggests to me an Einsteinian quality. I do not like to rush into symbolism, but if a mortal can personally see to it that these complicated orbits are preserved, each in its entity, then I go home more sure of the safety and sanctity of the universe than before.

And yet, it might be simpler merely to say that "Ballyhoo" is excellent entertainment.

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Films

A Notable Achievement

RENÉ CLAIR, the author and director of "Sous les Toits de Paris" (Little Carnegie Playhouse), enjoys the combined benefits of talent and good fortune. He has produced a picture that in many ways is a little masterpiece, and he has been lucky enough to be the first artist in a field that has been dominated by Hollywood robots. Indeed, so great is one's relief and delight at seeing a fresh mind, unencumbered with hollow conventions and equipped with taste, subtle wit, and imaginative insight, apply itself to fashioning a work of art that the shortcomings of the picture inevitably recede into the background. There I shall leave them for the moment, to stress the more important fact—the fascination and charm of René Clair's offspring.

The quality of the picture is revealed almost from its opening scenes. The characters have hardly been introduced when the story halts on a scene in which a group of Parisian tenement dwellers, led by a young peddler of songs, engage in solemn singing in the fashion of the Salvation Army. The

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length of the song, the dulness of the music, and the solemnity of the singing would have been enough to condemn this scene for any Hollywood talkie. But here comes the miracle of art. By introducing a slight action, so slight that it is almost entirely confined to an exchange of glances between the peddler and a prowling pickpocket, the artist sets off the vital force. Instantly the characters become intensely alive, the singing acquires the quality of suspense, and the whole scene begins to sparkle with humor and to throb with the pulse of human life. By vivifying touches such as this, one scene after another is transformed into a palpitating reality. We observe their effect in the episode of the two friends interrupting their altercation to turn on the fashionably dressed passers-by who stop to gaze at them; in the scene of another fight where a gramophone keeps wailing after the tune has played itself out, and where the face of a silent cafe habitue plays a gamut of expressions that follows the action with a tale of its own; and in several other episodes throughout the picture, too numerous to be listed here. All this testifies to the freshness of approach and the sense of vital and significant detail with which René Clair treats the material of human life. His imaginative vision of this life is the source of the authentic Parisian atmosphere that distinguishes his picture, that makes it so stimulating in its sober earnestness.

But greatly as I admire this creative interpretation of the material of life and the flawless acting in which it is embodied, I am not prepared to regard "Sous les Toits de Paris" as an important advance in the solution of the problem of cinematic form in the talkies. René Clair undoubtedly achieves a fair measure of success in blending scenes with dialogue with scenes without dialogue. He succeeds, however, only by the extensive use of music, of which, as it happens, he has an abundant supply in his story and setting. But even he is occasionally obliged to resort to music as mere accompaniment, as in the old silent pictures; and this method, if applied to less musical stories, would be dodging the issue of cinematic dialogue.

Compared with "Sous les Toits de Paris" "The Blue Angel" (Rialto) and "The Royal Family" (Rivoli) are negligible. But they are entertaining enough as Hollywood films go. "The Blue Angel," a German picture made by a Hollywood director, is a conventional melodrama; "The Royal Family," a comedy bordering on farce. The former is a little more sensitive and cinematic, the latter more stagy. Both remain safely within conventional viewpoints and methods of treatment.

Alexander Bakshy

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Iraq: A British Preserve

By DAVID W. WAINHOUSE

AT Bagdad on June 30, 1930, Great Britain signed a treaty of alliance with Iraq, a treaty which Iraq ratified on November 16. The document is an important one and may be said to begin the realization of a policy expressed by Great Britain in November, 1917, namely, to emancipate a people "so long oppressed by the Turks" and to establish a national government and administration "deriving its authority from the initiative and free choice of the indigenous populations." This process of emancipation has been going on with considerable success. The mandatory's administration in Iraq has been efficient and constructive. In a decade it has raised the most backward Arab country to the honorable position of being the first mandate to enter the League of Nations. But the process has not been one *pura sine animo furandi.*

The difficulty lies in the system of mandates. In reality it is a euphemistic term for colonial administration of the old-fashioned kind. As in all colonial administration, the colonizing Power is influenced by two motives which pull it in opposite directions. There is a temptation on the part of the mandatory to overreach itself in encouraging interests favorable to its nationals to the neglect of the natives; and there is the obligation on the part of the mandatory to deal with its charge in a way that will enable it "to stand on its own feet." The task of guiding a people to nationhood is a costly business; and nations are not interested in doing it merely for the sake of an ideal.

Originally British interest in this region was aroused chiefly because of the pirates who infested the Persian Gulf and preyed upon British shipping. Trading-posts and political residencies were established. By the close of the World War, British and Indian troops had wrested the region from Turkish hands, and the diplomats at Versailles, with the aid of a map, compasses, a ruler, and a charming insouciance, fashioned what is now the kingdom of Iraq. There followed commercial and political penetration, until today Great Britain is in control of the chief resources of Mesopotamia.

Iraq, with an area of some 116,000 square miles and a population of 3,000,000, lies at the head of the Persian Gulf. To the north is Turkey, which by reason of its position as a treaty revisionist is a disturbing neighbor. To the northwest is the French mandated territory of Syria, inhabited by Arab tribes which are unruly and inclined to pillage. To the east is Persia, inhabited by a people whose religion is Shiashi and hostile to that of the people of Iraq, who are Sunni.

In the days of Marco Polo Iraq lay along the routes traversed by caravans engaging in a lucrative Eastern trade with Bagdad, the emporium. With the discovery in the fifteenth century of the new route to India by way of the Cape, merchants took to the sea rather than risk the perils of the overland route, and Iraq fell into a decline. The discovery of oil, the enduring wealth in the extraordinary fertility of the soil bathed by the Euphrates and Tigris rivers, and, more recently, the development of aerial navigation, which gives Iraq, a country lying along the shortest route from Great Britain to India, a unique position—these factors have made it once more commercially and strategically important. Iraq, indeed, promises to become a world thoroughfare to Central and Southern Asia. Thus, imperial policy toward India, aerial communications, and oil dictate Great Britain's policy in the Near East.

British pre-war diplomacy in the Middle East called for a system of buffer states between the Mediterranean and India. The cataclysm brought on by the World War necessitated a realignment of policy. The downfall of friendly Russia and Turkey's position as an ex-enemy made an alliance with either of these Powers impossible. For the past decade British diplomacy has been directed toward forging a chain out of the Arab provinces of the former Ottoman Empire, in the hope that with Persia and Afghanistan independent India would enjoy security from the Soviet menace. In this chain of buffer states Iraq forms a vital and important link.

On the discovery of oil in Iraq the oleaginous diplomacy of the Western Powers began. A consortium of British, American, French, and Dutch companies—to which the British companies contributed a preponderant share of the capital—was granted a seventy-five-year concession in 1925 by the Iraq government.* Iraq was promised a substantial return in the form of a royalty of four shillings a ton. The government expects a handcome income when the pipe-line to the Mediterranean is built. Iraq, as already noted, is destined to become the Suez Canal of air communication. The Imperial Airways, Limited, a company subsidized by the British government, already operates an aerial service from London to Karachi, a distance of some 5,000 miles. In the near future Great Britain expects to build a railroad across Palestine, Transjordania, and Iraq, thus uniting its three mandates and connecting the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf.

The treaty of June 30, 1930, was born of these forces and must therefore be read and understood in that light. The preamble states that the British government is prepared to support the candidature of Iraq for admission to the League of Nations in 1932. This means the automatic severance of the mandatory-mandate relation between Great Britain and Iraq. The proposal is important because it marks the beginning of the liquidation of the Wilsonian idealism expressed in Article XXII of the League Covenant, and because of far-reaching influence upon the French mandate of Syria, in pressing the French government to follow the good example set by Great Britain. The *quid pro quo* for this "liberation" is a British "sphere of influence" in Iraq—a term used in the nineteenth century when the great Powers were scrambling for concessions in China and were carving up Africa. The imperial constitution has a remarkable digestion. It can assimilate dominions, commonwealths,

* The Anglo-Persian Oil Company, a British concern participating in the consortium, is controlled by the British government.

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Mon. 8:30 p.m.
Lewis Mumford, George S. Counts, Carl Van Doren, Wm. P. Montague, John Dewey, Raymond C. Moley, Harry F. Ward, Morris R. Cohen, Morris Hillquit.

THE METROPOLIS IN THE MACHINE AGE
LEWIS MUMFORD Mon., Jan. 5, 8:30 p.m.

HISTORICAL MATERIALISM
BELA LOW Mon. 7 p.m.

BASIS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR
JOSEPH M. OSMAN Tues. 8:30 p.m.

CURRENT ECONOMIC CHANGES
GEORGE S. MITCHELL Tues. 8:30 p.m.

LABOR AND THE LAW
LOUIS WALDMAN Wed. 7 p.m.

TRADE UNIONS IN ACTION
DAVID J. SAPOSS Wed. 8:30 p.m.

SOCIALISM IN THE MUNICIPALITY
NORMAN THOMAS Wed. 8:30 p.m.

MASTERS OF THE SHORT STORY
E. L. TARTAK Wed. 8:30 p.m.

PHILOSOPHY AND SOCIAL THOUGHT
DORION CAIRNS Wed. 8:30 p.m.

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WILLIAM E. BOHN Thurs. 7 p.m.

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a union, a free state, protectorates, "A," "B," and "C" mandates, sovereign princes, and spheres of influence.

Article I establishes a close alliance between the High Contracting Parties and provides that there shall be full and frank consultation between them in all matters of foreign policy which may affect their common interests. In effect the consultative clause means that the British government remains the paramount Power so far as outsiders are concerned. In the past, clauses providing for joint consultation in all matters of foreign policy have given the paramount Power virtual control of foreign affairs, and there is no reason to believe that such will not be the practice in this case. By Article IV Great Britain and Iraq agree to come to each other's aid in the event of war. Iraq's help will consist in furnishing to its ally all facilities and assistance in its power, including the use of railways, rivers, ports, aerodromes, and means of communication. Precisely what Great Britain is to do for its ally is not stipulated.

Iraq further undertakes to grant to Great Britain, by Article V, sites for air bases to be selected by it (i.e., Great Britain) in the vicinity of Basra and for an air base west of the Euphrates—discreet distances from Bagdad and Mosul—on the ground that the permanent maintenance and protection in all circumstances of the essential communications of Great Britain is in the common interest of the contracting parties. To protect these lines of communication, Iraq agrees to allow Great Britain to maintain forces at Basra and at some point west of the Euphrates. Forces are likewise to be maintained at Hinaidi and at Mosul, but for only five years. While in one breath the treaty declares that the presence of these forces "shall not constitute in any manner an occupation and will in no way prejudice the sovereign rights of Iraq," in another it declares that the British forces shall continue to enjoy "the immunities and privileges in jurisdictional and fiscal matters, including freedom from taxation." While it might be denied that the presence of troops on Iraq soil constitutes an occupation, their presence and their immunities derogate these sovereign rights.

The collaboration in Iraq's defense still links the two countries closely together. Great Britain undertakes to grant to native officers naval, military, and aeronautical instruction; to furnish arms, ammunition, equipment, ships, and aeroplanes of the latest available pattern; and to provide officers to serve in an advisory capacity with the country's forces. In view of the desirability of identity in training methods between the two armies, Iraq promises, should it deem it necessary to have recourse to foreign military instructors, to choose them from among British subjects. Iraq further promises that if any personnel of its forces are sent abroad for military training they shall be sent to British military schools. Finally, Iraq undertakes that its armament and essential military equipment shall not differ in type from those of the forces of His Britannic Majesty.

The changes contemplated under the treaty do not mean and cannot mean that Great Britain will cease to interest itself in Iraq. Whatever else goes, imperial communication by air must remain a permanent factor in their mutual relations, and Iraq recognizes such a necessity in this treaty. In place of the tutor-and-tutored relation a special alliance is set up, one in which the former tutor remains on the spot in the capacity of a silent partner in the affairs of Iraq rather than as an active participant.

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